State Lib'y

THE CAUCASIAN.

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EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE OPINION OF THE EDITOR ON THE ISSUES OF THE DAY.

My countrymen, stop and think! Does the efficacy of a man's religion depend on a political party? Shall the christianity of Jesus Christ be degraded by putting a partisan collar on it? The devil has charge of every church that is guilty of such a low and sacriligious crime.

In writing to a Populist friend last fall, Judge Gresham is reported as making use of the following language, which is very significant:

"I would say that the control of elections and legislation by the corrupt use of money more than anything else menaces popular government and the public peace. If these abuses are not speedily checked the consequences are likely to be disastrous. If the people are convinced that they cannot rely on the ballot as a means of expressing their choice of men and measures, there will be a revolt, the like of which the country has not yet witnessed. The most insidious of all forms of tyranny is that of plutocracy. Thoughtful men see and admit that our country is becoming less and less democratic and more and more plutocratic. The ambition and self-love of some people are so great that they are incapable of loving their country."

The feeling among the colored people in respect to the Democratic party is vastly different now from what it was when Mr. Cleveland first became President. They know now that all of their rights and privileges are as freely accorded them by the Democrats as by the Republicans. In fact, many of the more intelligent of them are beginning to see that the Republican party has been aiming only to control their votes, while the Democratic party in the South is sincerely anxious to assist them in bettering their moral and material condition.—Savannah News, Dem.

If the feeling among the colored population is changing, it is a true sign that their intelligence is sufficient for them to see that things are growing from bad to worse, and that it becomes their duty as citizens to study the situation and cast their votes for men and measures that will be to the advancement of the country's interest. Race prejudice voting is a hindrance to intelligent voting, and the sooner it ends the better it will be for all parties.

What is good for a white laborer in the South and West is equally as good for the colored laborer, and why should they not vote the same way. Capital is organized, and why should not labor be organized? As long as the toiling masses remain divided because of appeals to race prejudice and party love, so long will they be at the mercy of organized capital. When so much prejudice ceases to exist and principle towers above party we may look for a government run in the interest of the people and not before.—Burgaw Sun.

EASTER AND LENT.

Historical and Religious Facts Not Generally Known.

Easter, which is now preceeded by Lent, in early days was introduced by fasting on one day only, the Friday in Passion week, now known as Good Friday. By and by the time was extended to forty hours, in token that Christ had lain that long in the tomb. Some centuries later this was extended to forty days, in commemoration of the season of the temptation and fast in the wilderness.

The name Easter is probably derived from the Teutonic goddess of spring, Ostera, or Oestre, whose festival occurs about the same time as the observance of Easter. Lent is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *lencten*, which means "spring," and has no connection at all with fasting, as some people imagine.

It was not until the fourth century that there was any regularity about the fixing the date of Easter Sunday. Those of the early Christians who believed the Christian Passover to be a commemoration of Christ's death adhered to the custom of holding the Easter festival on the day prescribed for the Jewish pasch, the fourteenth day of the first month; that is, the lunar month, of which the fourteenth day either falls on or next after the day of the vernal equinox.

The most of the Christian churches, attaching greater importance to the day of Christ's resurrection, held to Easter being celebrated on the Sunday which followed the fourteenth day of the moon of March, the day on which Christ suffered.

This difference was finally settled by the Council of Nice, in the year 325. The rule then adopted is still in force. Easter is always the Sunday after the full moon which happens on or next after March 21—the vernal equinox. By this arrangement, Easter may come as early as March 22 or as late as April 25.

A DEMOCRATIC IDIOT EDITOR.

We copy the following paragragh from the News & Observer:

"Marion Butler, the Gideonite, who publishes the most contemptible sheet ever printed in North Carolina, is suggesting to his demented readers that the Democrats are not going to do anything about the tariff. It is not material what the great Repudiated thinks on that or any other subject, but we do not doubt that the tariff will be dealt with when Congress meets and that a bill will be prepared by the Treasury Department for the consideration of Democratic members, which will be acceptable to the party and will pass with little trouble. We do not expect, however, that the Gideonites will approve it; on the contrary we expect them to denounce it, for they have no consistency, but are like blind adders, ready to strike venomously at anything that comes along. There are a great many sorts of people in the world, and the Gideonites belong to a class who have determined never to be satisfied."

We reproduce the above paragraph, in full, so that the readers of THE CAUCASIAN may know what is said of them, by those who aspire to the leadership of the Democratic party of North Carolina. In the opinion of the editor of the News & Observer, the fifty thousand readers of this journal are "demented," and THE CAUCASIAN is a "contemptible sheet." Speaking of the tariff, however, who does not know that when Cleveland was elected, immediately a clamor was raised all over the United States, and especially by Democratic editors and politicians in the South, for an extra session of Congress, the principle duty of which should be to revise the tariff, on the lines laid down in the Chicago platform? These gentlemen were so eager that they could scarcely wait until the sun should rise on the 4th of March, 1893. But they have King Grover safely installed in his high office. They hate him, but they have him. He does not care a snap of his finger whether he pleases them or not. It almost chokes them, but they have to swallow their wrath. And he has not called Congress together in special session, to please them, for the revision of the tariff, or for any other purpose.

What do they do? They bow their necks to the tyrant. They gnash their teeth with impotent rage and pretend to be very fond of King Grover. They are afraid to offend his Majesty, because they hanker for pie and fear they will get none. They take their revenge by the personal abuse of better men than they are themselves.

This explains the attack of the News & Observer upon the editor of The Caucasian, which is quoted at the beginning of this article. It is written by a supercilious idiot, within whose skull there is but a thimble full of brains, and most of these are behind his ears.

"THIRD PARTYISM RUN MAD."

"We have just heard of a case of Third party politics run to seed. At the July court Rev. C. H. Bernheim heard Mason and Robbins speak. After the speaking one of the members of St. Tymothy congregation asked him what he thought of the speaking. He made some complimentary remark about it, which made the man, who was a Weaverite, very angry. A short time after that a congregational meeting was held in the church to discuss the unpardonable sin of their pastor of endorsing Democratic speeches. Several other meetings were held to try the pastor, to which he was not invited, but finally he was invited to the church to stand a trial. Several of the members stated that they had nothing personally against him, but finally one stated that all they had against him was "politics." Whereupon Mr. Bernheim very properly broke up the meeting by saying he would have nothing to do with discussing politics in the house of the Lord and mixing politics and church matters. At another meeting at which he was not present they passed a resolution asking the pastor's resignation, and it has been tendered. This action is on par with the practice last fall of holding political speaking in churches, and deserves the condemnation of all Christian people. But if the St. Timothy congregation is looking for a Third party pastor, they will have to leave the Lutheran church or go a long way off to find one. We doubt if ever Kansas could furnish a Third party Lutheran preacher."—Carthage Blade

The above clipping from the Carthage Blade has been going the rounds of the partisan machine papers. We clip it from the News & Observer. We, of course, do not know whether the above clipping is a fair statement of the case or not. If it is, we regret that any reformer should so far forget his duty to his God and his fellowman as to stoop to following the examples already set by blind partisan Democrats in so many places. Yes Democrats set the example of setting up political churches, but that does not excuse a reformer for doing the same thing. In fact he should be doubly condemned for following such a bad example. Everywhere in the State where this paper is read, the people know of and can recite examples of Democratic indolence in the churches.

SENATOR SCHOOLFIELD

WRITES THE CAUCASIAN GIVING THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF SOME LEGISLATIVE PROCEEDINGS.

The Alliance Charter and the Tobacco Trust.

[Special to The Caucasian.]

The North Carolinian said a short time ago that the three People's party Senators were the chief supporters of the amendments offered by the Senate Committee to the Farmers' Alliance charter. That is true as far as it goes. We favored the amendments as the best we could do under the circumstances, and not because we thought them just and fair. It was that or repeal the charter and we preferred the amendments, unjust as they were, to turning over all the Alliance machinery into the hands of a receiver. That is what would have been done if the Senate amendments had not been substituted for the House bill repealing the charter. The Alliance at this season of the year could ill afford to have its purchasing machinery taken from it, thus leaving it at the mercy of the commercial world.

I heard it said, immediately after the bill repealing the charter passed the House, that one guano factory at once advanced the price of its guano five dollars per ton. If that is true, what would the factories have done if the bill had become a law. The Alliance will if the courts do not annul the charter as the Legislature proposed for them to do, save thousands of dollars to the farmers of this State by holding together the Business Agency department. Nor is the benefits derived from the Business Agency department confined to those who trade with that department alone. It acts as an agency to keep down prices, and, without it, manufacturers and dealers know that we are certainly at their mercy and that we have no appeal but are bound to submit to their terms. I would like to see the Business Agency department patronized more extensively than it is, as there has been an unjust attempt to break it up.

TOBACCO TRUST BILL.

A bill was introduced in the House along towards the close of the session by Mr. Watson of Forsyth known as the tobacco or trust bill. As that bill created no little stir all over the State it is time the people understood its true import. The bill was introduced for political effect and it was not the intention of its authors that it should become a law. It was done to place the Democratic party on record as being opposed to trusts. I have heard it intimated that one of its objects was to place the People's party Representatives on record as being in favor of trusts as the bill was drawn in such away that the People's party Representatives would oppose its passage.

You may look out in the next campaign, I know whereof I speak. If the Democrats wanted to pass an anti-trust bill, why didn't they pass the one introduced by myself. If it did not cover all the ground it could have easily been amended. Why did they wait until a few days after I introduced a bill before they introduced one? Mine was introduced on one Saturday, theirs the next. And would they swear that some of the ideas contained in their bill were not drawn from mine. I notice that some of the State papers charge the Senate with timidity and cowardice in not passing Watsons bill. That is all stuff and nonsense, it was not a part of the program for the Senate to pass the bill.

Here it might be well enough to say that there were a few men in the House who could pass any bill, fair, foul or otherwise. But the Senate was more conservative, and a majority of its members had some ideas of their own.

Fraternally,
W. H. SCHOOLFIELD.

Don't Fool with a Cold.

We must repeat our warning against pneumonia, the most dangerous disease which prevails in the city, and which is extraordinarily prevalent at this time. The records show that there were as many as 249 fatal cases of it here last week, a greater number than there has been in any other week of the year. In a majority of cases the inciting cause of the disease is "catching cold" and neglecting it. Half the deaths from it might be prevented by treatment or by the adoption of means to cure the cold as soon as it is caught. Colds are even more dangerous at this season than in the winter or the summer season. Be on the guard all the time against taking a cold. Look out for it if you take it. Gladstone goes to bed and send for a doctor whenever he has a cold, and consequently he always gets well in a very short time.—New York Sun.

READ AND PONDER.

Should the Farmers be Organized.

(Burgaw Sun.)

The Columbia State Democrat speaks as follows:

"If merchants and manufacturers conducted their business upon the same principles as the farmers, with similar want of foresight and reasoning, they would speedily become bankrupt."

This may be true, but we predict that if the merchants and manufacturers had received as little substantial encouragement as the farmers they would already have been bankrupted. We are not simple enough to believe that farmers never make mistakes, but we are so blind that we can't see the consistency in a class of papers that are so ready to admit that the farmers need to have their condition bettered, but as soon as the farmers begin to organize for improvement and mutual protection these same papers raise a tremendous howl and begin their dastardly work of breaking down the organization by abuse, misrepresentation and everything else that is mean and contemptible. As to the need of perfect and permanent organization read the following from the Chicago Western Rural:

The question of organization among farmers is no longer a subject for intelligent controversy. If the farmer is to maintain an honorable position among the various conditions of men that constitute the body politic, he must organize. There is combination and unification by all kindred interests, his fellow toilers in every productive and manufacturing calling have long recognized the necessity for the protection which organization alone secures against those who scheme to appropriate the results of productive energy wherever exercised, The advantages of organization are so obvious that it must be admitted that the unorganized are seriously deficient in the first essential to success, to-wit agreement and unity of action by those whose interests are common, along definite and practical lines.

It is true that relatively, the farmers have retrograded, as compared with the commercial element of the country. To our wonderful growth the farmer has contributed most and received least. It is the product of the farm which has brought the wealth of the world into the coffers of American citizens, and enabled a few appropriators of wealth to accumulate fabulous fortunes. The farm has builded the great cities with their magnificence and luxury. Chicago, a giant amid the cities of the world, feels in her veins the vitality contributed by the vast plains of the West where the toil of man has met the smiles of God, and overflowing production swelled the streams of commerce until there was enough to feed the producer and enrich the parasite who sits in the marts of trade and swells big with self-complacency as he contemplates how well his robber schemes have worked and plans anew for still further acquisition of the farmers' hard earned reward. He laughs at the granger while robbing him and scorns him even when fighting him.

He looks upon the farmer as a "goose to be plucked," as deficient in business requirements, and often calls him the "fool farmer." If you threaten the aristocratic Board of Trade with a possible combination of farmers that shall bring confusion to the evil devices of the gamblers, they laugh at you, and tell you that the farmers are too ignorant to meet successfully the perfectly organized machine possessed by themselves. The whole tendency of commercial organization is to strengthen the hands of those who prey upon legitimate industry and maintain the ascendency in social, business and political life, of successful knavery rather than of honest worth.

The drift of population is toward the cities while in their vortex of greed and crime every principle which does honor to the human race is torn to tatters. The struggle of the century is to take place during the present decade and for America it will be decided whether she shall be saved by the pure elements which blow from mountain, hill and plain or forever doomed by the miasma of the town and gread overcrowded districts. Organized capital is too often capitalized crime and enjoys immunities purchased with a pittance from its stolen hoards. Defeating the enactment of just laws or defying them when, as rarely happens, they are enacted.

Every load of grain carried to the local market is billed to cover the exactions of transportation companies, of elevator combines, or wheat rings or board of trade thieves, of grain gamblers and a multitude who watch it from the time mother earth covers the seed in her bosom until it reaches the pauperized millions across the seas.

The same system that maintains its extortionate methods along the highways which lead from the farm, combines to tax all that flows back along those highways to meet the farmer's necessities. What he produces is depreciated, what he consumes is enhanced in value; and that the victim receives for his submission, is the contempt of his despoilers. All these occur because the farmers fail to exercise their God given rights of self-protection by the use of the means at their command, which are those of mutually standing together in the name of justice."

Truck Farmers Want Low Rates.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 21. Truck Farmers' Association met here to-day and took steps for applying to the Interstate Railroad Commission for a reduction of rates on fruits and vegetables to Northen points. They have called on the Northern dealers to assist them in making their application.

FORUM OF PUBLIC OPINION.

We will publish short discussions by our readers on the questions of the day in this column.

How Shall It Be Done?—They Are Getting Their Eyes Open.

TARBORO, N. C., March 16, '93.

DEAR BROTHER BUTLER: I enclose a very strong argument for the "Income Tax" from the N. Y. World. You might reproduce it in THE CAUCASIAN. The World now sees that a reduction of the tariff to a revenue basis will result in an insufficient fund to meet current governmental expenses. The Income tax is what is needed, together with a radical reform in finance.

JAS. B. LLOYD.

AN INCOME TAX.

It is not too soon for Democratic statesmen to consider the sources from which a Democratic administration must derive sufficient revenue to meet the largely increased expenditures of the Government.

It is proposed to reduce the tariff to a revenue basis, which will perhaps increase the receipts from certain imports on which this reduction is made by increasing the importations of the articles thus affected. But it is also proposed to place a number of articles on the free list which now pay duty, and the increased revenue which the Treasury will derive from the former source may be more than offset by its failure to derive any revenue whatever from the enlarged free list.

It may be argued that Mr. Cleveland's administration will cut down expenditures. But it proposes also to cut down taxation and thereby reduce receipts, and the fact that Mr. Harrison's administration spent a cash balance left by Mr. Cleveland of $187,000,000 in addition to the current revenues shows that a very drastic reduction must be made in order to bring our expenses within our present receipts. It is very well to promise economy and practice it and to rail against extravagance, but it should not be forgotten that this is a costly Government at best, and the cost of maintaining it, even upon the most economical basis, is increasing every year.

In reducing taxes in one direction, therefore, we must increase them in another, or, what is the same thing, impose them on something not hitherto subjected to taxation at all.

This is the problem which the first Congress that assembles under Mr. Cleveland's administration must solve. There is no way to avoid it, and we should familiarize ourselves with the issue before it is precipitated and finds us unprepared to meet it.

The best solution that we can see is the establishment of a graded income tax. We dare not, should we be so unjust as to desire it, increase the burden already weighing heavily on the agriculturol classes. We dare not impose more on labor. We must, thsrefore, place it where it really should properly fall, on the class that can best bear it—on the wealthy.

It is this class that has reaped the greatest gains from the exactions so long and patiently borne by agriculture and by mechanical labor. It has been singularly exempt from everything like oppression, while other interests have groaned under their burdens. It has grown more and more powerful as its accumulations have increased, and the time has certainly come to demand of it a proportionate contribution to support a government that has protected it and fostered it as a favorite. There is no valid argument against the proposition; there are many arguments in favor of it.

PRESIDENTIAL POSTOFFICES IN NOTH CAROLINA.

A Washington correspondent of the Richmond Times says the following is a list of The Presidential postoffices in the State of North Carolina; and that under instructions from the President the Postmaster-General will not give out for publication the date of the expiration of the commissions of the postmasters at the places, and it will be remembered that President Cleveland has repeatedly said that he will not appoint successors until the commissions have expired.

Office	Class.	S'ly.
Asheville	2	$2,600.
Burlington	3	1,300
Chapel Hill	3	1,100
Charlotte	2	2,600
Concord	3	1,500
Durham	2	2,300
Edenton	3	1,200
Elizabeth City	3	1,500
Fayetteville	3	1,800
Goldsboro	3	1,800
Greensborough	2	2,300
Greenville	3	1,000
Henderson	3	1,600
Hickory	3	1,500
High Point	3	1,500
Kinston	3	1,300
Lexington	3	1,100
Monroe	3	1,100
Morganton	3	1,100
Mount Airy	3	1,200
New Berne	2	2,000
Oxford	3	1,600
Raleigh	2	2,700
Reidsville	3	1,600
Rockingham	3	1,000
Rocky Mount	3	1,300
Salem	3	1.500
Salisbury	3	1,800
Shelby	3	1,200
Statesville	3	1,700
Tarborough	3	1,600
Washington	3	1,500
Wilmington	2	2,800
Wilson	3	1,600
Winston	2	2,500

A FIRST EASTER.

THE DEMON, SUSPICION, THAT DESTROYS THE HAPPINESS OF MANY A HOME.

By Opie Read.

CHAPTER I.

Allie Harper was the belle of a neighborhood in northern Missouri, and Alf Garrett married her. There had been so much rivalry in this affair that the courtship was referred to as a "hard fight." Alf was an impressive fellow, and it was said that he had a "mighty knack" for making a living, and yet Mallie's surrender to him was the cause of great surprise; for the consensus of opinion was, "why, she should have married anybody." It was undoubtedly a fact that she could have married Sol Bidney, and people wondered why she didn't, for Sol had considerable money and was a much handsomer man than Alf Garrett.

Where there has been much rivalry during courtship, there is likely to be discord after marriage. Recollection is a spiteful promoter of dissension—it brings back rose-hued chances and pits them against a dull-colored possession. In Alf's nature there was but little of the poetic, and yet the most delicate nature could not have found him objectionably practical; but his wife found a flaw.

"I thought you were going to plant flowers here," she said. It was a bright morning and Alf was making a garden.

"No, onions," he replied.

"Ah, and your apparent love for flowers was a mere pretense after all."

"No, I like flowers well enough, but I want a few onions as I go along. And besides," he added, smiling at her, "I've got the brightest flower there is."

She pouted. "If you thought very much of me you'd show it."

"Why don't I show it?"

"No—not much."

"Well then, I show a little of what I've got a heap of."

This was the very first suggestion of a disagreement. The next was more pronounced. It was summer and they were sitting on the veranda.

"Mallie, I tell you that I don't want that fellow Bidney to come round here."

"But did I tell him to come?" she quickly spoke up.

"I don't know," he answered.

"You don't know.?"

"That's what I said."

"But is that what you mean?"

"I say it is what I said."

"I know what you say; but do you mean to infer that I want him to come?"

"That's alright, but it's plain that you don't want him to stay away."

"Alf, that is a mean insinuation. I have known Sol ever since we were both children. And I could have married him," she added.

"It's a wonder you hadn't."

"Yes, it's more than that," she replied. "It's a pity I hadn't."

"Do you mean that?" he demanded.

"Do you want me to mean it?"

"Do I want you to? That's woman, I must say. I don't care whether you mean it or not.

"If you don't care I mean it."

"All right, Madam," he added, getting up, "it isn't too late. There's a courthouse not far away. Good-by."

"Alf."

"I said 'good-by.'"

"What are you going to do?" she cried.

"I'm going away—my love is dead."

Scarcely able to understand what had occurred, she stood watching him until he had disappeared in the woods.

CHAPTER II.

Nearly two years passed. One cold night Alf got off the train at the dreary railway station not far from his farm, and, without making himself known to any one, went over to his home. The doors were locked; a desolate cow stood in the yard, lowing. He turned away with a shudder and went back to the railway station. He would go away without having asked a question. He sat on a bench with his overcoat pulled up over his face. The train would soon be due. Two men came in.

"About the coldest weather I ever saw at this time of year," one of them remarked.

"Yes, and if it keeps up the new preacher won't have much of a show for his Easter sermon to-morrow."

"That's so. What sort of a preacher is he, anyway?"

"Pretty fair, they say.

Nobody doubts his sincerity and that's a good deal in his favor. I thought he was too frivolous ever to do anything in earnest. I suppose you have heard a good deal about him."

"Can't say I have."

"Well, he was mightily in love with Mallie Harper."

"Yes, I know that."

"Well, her husband was foolishly jealous; for Mallie didn't encourage the young fellow's visits. But after Garrett went away how he did beg her to marry him. She went to her father's house and has never permitted Sol to come on the place."

"Wonder what she thinks of his preaching?"

"She hasn't heard him yet, but her father told me that she was going to hear him to-morrow.'

"They've never heard anything of Garrett, have they?"

"Not a word; and it is a great pity, too, for his wife is grieving herself to death."

"Yes but she ought to have been more considerate in the first place. As soon as she found out that Sol's visits were objected to she ought to have told him to keep away."

"And she would have done so, but Garrett never said anything until the time he flew off. She happened to be out of humor, as everybody is at times. Well, here's our train."

The next day a fierce snowstorm was blowing, a storm so cold and unseasonable that but few people assembled to hear Sol Bidney's first Easter sermon. Alf was in the house, sitting muffled up in a corner before anyone else arrived, and when the congregation assembled no one recognized him. He saw his wife come in with her father; he saw how pale she was.

The new preacher at first showed embarrassment, but confidence came to him as he proceeded. With impressive simplicity he told the story of the resurrection, and he succeeded where a learned man might have failed. Among his ill-constructed sentences an emotion entwined itself, and old men wept.

The benediction was pronounced. Alf arose, threw off his overcoat and hastened to his wife. She saw him coming, and clung to her father for support.

"Mallie!"

"Alf!" she whispered, looking down.

"Mallie, I told you that my love was dead."

"Yes."

"And I thought it was, but it has arisen from the dead. Will you take me back?"

She was clinging to him.

"Yes; I have prayed for your coming."

He fondly kissed her. The preacher came up. "Mr. Bidney," said Alf, "you are going home with us."

OPIE READ.

PRAYER TOPICS FOR APRIL.

To The American Ministry And Churches.

The first week of April has been for fourteen years observed by the World's Sabbath Observance Prayer Union for united prayer for the sanction of the Sabbath in all lands; and their request published in many languages and sent to all lands, inviting Christians everywhere to join them, has for years been seconded in this country by all our leading Sabbath organizations.

The past has been an eventful year for the Sabbath cause in America, the present promises to be immeasurably more so, and it may be its crucial year in our beloved land, we therefore invite all pastors and all Christians to observe the week April 2-9, 1893, for special prayer, public and private, for the imperilled Sabbath in this and all lands and for special effort in its behalf, and collections for the spread of literature.

In devout gratitude let us unitedly praise God for the aroused interest in the preservation of the Lord's Day, for the forty millions represented on the petitions for Sunday closing of the World's Fair, for the decisive vote of Congress closing the gates, and the failure of efforts for repeal of that action. It is a triumph the influence of which will be perpetual.

While we are greatly joyful over the way the Lord has led us, yet in view of the great peril that still gathers around our Christian institutions and especially our Sabbath, we feel constrained, for the sake of home, religion, the cause of labor and the world's conversion, to ask all pastors, that during the first week of April next they use the services of the sanctuary by sermons and prayer meetings, to deepen the intelligent conviction of the people on the broad and practical lines of Christian law and living with reference to the Sabbath, and also to present the subject of Sabbath observance as the topic of private and family prayer through the week.

The following topics for prayer are suggested:

First, that the influence of the World's Fair may be on the side of Sabbath observance, morality and righteousness.

Second, that the tide of Sabbath desecration may be stayed.

Third, that the value and beneficence of the Christian Sabbath may be better understood and appreciated and pastors and people be faithful in maintaining it.

Fourth, that the right of the great armies of employes in railroad and postal service to a Sabbath of rest may be protected.

T. A. Fernley, D. D., Cor. Sec. Philadelphia Sabbath Assn.

Rev: H. H. George, Gen. Field Sec. American Sabbath Union.

Rev. W. F. Crafts, Honoary Sec. W. Penn. Sabbath Association.

Mrs. J. C. Bateham, Nat. Supt. Sabbath Observanee Dep. W. C. T. U.

Mr. Hobson's Selection.

It is difficult for the office-seekers to know exactly what to do, because if they don't apply for office they will be forgotten, and if they do Mr. Cleveland says they won't get it. The intermediate course is perhaps the best, if anybody knows what that is. The result will perhaps be the retention in office of most of the Republican officials, and on the whole that may be civil-service reform.

This is a government of the lawyers, by the lawyers. There are seven of them in Cleveland's cabinet, Dan Lamont being the sole exception.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Extract from a letter from Mr. Patrick, of Hookerton: "Send copies of the paper, they recommend themselves better than I can.

Yours kindly,
JOHN PATRICK."

* * *

He Gets Ten Papers.—The Caucasian is the Best.

HUNTERSVILLE, N. C., Feb. 29, '93.

Marion Butler, Esq.—Dear Sir and Brother: We get 10 papers at our house and The Caucasian is the most welcome of all. We get straight goods from that every issue. We want to see it in the home of every reformer in the State.

* * *

OKISKO, N. C., March 18, 1893.

Editor Caucasian—Dear Sir and Brother: I am in receipt of a few copies of your valuable paper and have distributed the same (save one copy for self) to your friends. I am trying to get you a club of subscribers. We are with you in the great fight for reform and intend to stand by you and the cause.

The foolish, and I must add, the partisan feeling manifested by the recent Legislature respecting the Farmers' Organization for their mutual protection against boodlers, shylocks. Wall street & Co., is enough to arouse our revolutionary sires from their peaceful slumbers.

Unfortunately for the great producing class of the American Republic, those in authority and who wield the sceptre and sway the destiny of the Nation are more partisan than patriotic and seek to perpetuate the domination of their party more than the restoration of peace and good will towards all sections. In the sober, second thought of the American people, it is to be hoped that patriotism will prevail. That hatred and malevolence can continue indefinitely in the relations of the two grand sections of the Republic is as absurd and impossible as it would be unwise and wicked. Their destiny is too grand for the American people to permit demagogues to fan the flame longer and continue the unholy strife. Then as a christian and civilized people let us endeavor to wipe out a "Mason and Dixon Line" by killing out these old moss-back politicians, who are more windy than wise, more partisan than patriotic, and cement more firmly and closely the bands that make us a free and united people.

With best wishes for the success of your paper and prolongation of your valuable life and health, I am as ever a solid Allianceman, through and through, up one side, down the other, inside and out.

Yours Fraternally.
M. G. GREGORY.

* * *

A LETTER FROM GASTON COUNTY.

He Saw Last Issue of the Caucasian and Subscribed.—Stewart's Speech and His Opinion of the Situation.

MT. HOLLY, Gaston Co., N. C.

Marion Butler, Esq.,—Dear Sir: While at the post office yesterday afternoon the postmaster handed me a copy of your very excellent paper, The Caucasian, directed to J. M. Sloan. It should have been directed to Belmont instead of Mt. Holly. Please make the change. I read it with no little interest, especially Senator Stewart's silver speech, which, if possible, more fully convinced me of the correctness of an opinion which I have frequently expressed, viz: That there never has been a question before the American people by which more good men have been mislead and deceived, simply from the fact that there has been more deception practiced (or to put it in plain Saxon) more lying done on the silver question than any other, unless it is the tariff, and I don't know but even that ought to be excepted. I would like for you to inform the world of the fact, if any one of the Cleveland (so-called Democratic) or Harrison papers have published that speech.

I send postal note to pay for subscription one year. Begin with the issue of February 2nd, if that issue is not exhausted. I want to file Mr. Stewart's unanswerable speech. Send a few extra copies containing the speech, if you have them, I want to hand them around.

As far as National politics are concerned I kicked out of the traces the last election and voted the Weaver ticket, although for forty years previous I had taken Democracy straight and asked no questions. I am prouder every day of the fact that I had backbone enough to do as I did. If I can read the signs of the times rightly, the incoming President is going to make herculean efforts to fasten monometalism upon the country. We'll see what we,ll see.

A majority of the Democratic party want bimetalism, (the opposite means serfdom for all laborers and producers) and yet at the instance of mugwumps and place-hunters, and by a liberal use of the party lash, and a big campaign fund, and the force bill scarecrow, have nominated and elected one of the high priests of monometalism, a gold-bug of the straightest sect. Shades of Jefferson and Jackson. Calhoun and Benton, defend us.

Respectfully yours,
A. N. WELLS, Past Lecturer, of Gaston Co. Farmers' Alliance.

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MARION BUTLER, Editor & Propr.

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READ AND YOU WILL KNOW.

Last week we commented upon the operations of Sections 2671, 2674, 2675 and 2676 of the Election law, in a general sense, pointing out wherein the same would be improved by the adoption of the amendments proposed at the late session of the General Assembly. We intend to continue the discussion of the law as it is and as it would be if amended from week to week in THE CAUCASIAN. We do not publish another installment this week, for we wish to ventilate section 2676 further. No doubt there was more injury done to the people, in the election of 1892, under this section, than under any other of the whole law.

Reference has been frequently made to the secret circular issued by Chairman Simmons. He intended to take the people unawares; and in many counties, notwithstanding the efforts to counteract his work, the voters were unprepared, and his subordinates, the registrars and election officers—all Democrats—got in their fine work.

But the foundation of it all was the deliberate decision of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, in the case of Harris vs. Scarborough, 110 N. C. Report, page 232. The principle method of cheating, under section 2676, was suggested to the mind of Chairman Simmons by that decision.

The opinion of the court was written by Justice Avery. The law refered to provides that "no registration shall be valid unless it specifies, as near as may be, the age, occupation, place of birth 'place of residence of the elector * * * and full name by which the voter is known." The Justice, in his opinion, said:

"It was the duty of the elector TO MAKE THE ANSWERS AS SPECIFIC AS THE STATUTE REQUIRES THEM, AND THAT TAE REGISTRAR, IF HE READ THE HEADINGS CALCULATED TO ELICIT THE REQUISITE ANSWERS, CERTAINLY DID ALL THAT THE LAW REQUIRED OF HIM."

So the court, in effect, decided that if the answers were not specific, THE RESPONSIBILITY RESTED UPON THE VOTER AND NOT UPON THE REGISTRAR. The court decided that it would not be sufficiently specific for the voter to simply give as the place of his birth, the State, (for instance, North Carolina) in which he was born, but that the COUNTY of his birth "would generally be deemed sufficiently definite."

Perhaps the statute, enacted to do mischief, might bear the construction given by Judge Avery; but the injustice of its application to the individual voter is made distinct by the counter opinion, in the same case, of Justice Clark, concurred in by Justice Davis. Of course Chairman Simmons took great pains not to mention, in his circular, Justice Clark's opinion, but was very careful to let all the registrars and election officers know the drift of the decision of Justice Avery.. Let it be understood that no criticism is made upon the Supreme court of North Carolina, except in so far as such criticism may be made by Judges Clark and Davis. Attention is called to the language employed by them, which may be called rather salty.

Said the minority (construing the very same law):

"The response giving 'North Carolina' as the place of birth is indefinite. But it was error in the court to hold, as a matter of law, that PER SE this was the fault of the voter and invalidated the vote given by him. Whether it was so, or not, dependeed upon the facts of the case. If the registrar, when such response was given, had asked for a fuller and more definite response, AND THIS HAD BEEN REFUSED OR NOT GIVEN, then there would have been conduct on the part of the person offering to register which might be justly held as sufficient proof to deprive him of the right to vote. But the registrar is the office of the law. He is appointed to make the inquiries and set down the replies. When, in response to the inquiry as to the place of birth, the Elector, in good faith, and thinking he had complied with all that was required of him, responded 'North Carolina' he was guilty of no disobedience of law which deprived him of the right to vote. If the response was not sufficiently definite, the representative of the law, the registrar duly appointed, sworn and paid to perform the duty of taking the registration, should have asked the elector to respond more particularly, AND IF THE REGISTRAR FAILED TO DO SO, THE NEGLECT OF DUTY WAS ON THE PART OF THE REGISTRAR. The elector might well be justified in taking the acquiescence of the officer as a representative that the answer was a full compliance with the requirements of the law. Any other view, it would seem, would make the registration of voters not an impartial observance of regulations to protect the electoral franchises and to prevent frauds upon it, BUT WOULD FURNISH OPPORTUNITIES WHEREBY THE TRUSTING THE UNWARY, THE USKILLED OR THE IGNORANT WOULD BE DEPRIVED OF THEIR CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT OF EXERCISING THE RIGHT OF VOTING."

The quotations from this remarkable case have been made at considerable length. The words of Judge Clarke are a sufficient condemnation of those of Judge Avery. We have quoted them to show that ideas of humanity and justice have not been banished from the minds and hearts of all our judges.

The Supreme court consists of five members. The court gives to the statute a narrow construction, by a majority of one; and this is to the effect that the registrars may mislead, and are not required to guide the voters; to deprive them of their rights and not to protect the suffrage.

If any apology is necessary for quoting so largely from the opinions of a court, the excuse is that it is by such examples the people may be made to understand, how the whole powers of the State, not only its executive and legislative powers, but even those of its courts, are exerted to obstruct voters who do not belong to the dominant party. The statute itself is an outrage, and that portion of it here quoted, is one of the amendments of 1889, made to save North Carolina to the "solid south" by foul means if necessary. Not only are the registrars clothed with extraordinary powers, but the courts, it seems, instruct them, in effect, to evade their manifest duty, at the expense of their citizens. And as a general thing these officers are swift to avail themselves of their instructions, and are encouraged to do so by the chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee.

Under the circumstances, is it to be considered strange that, in 1893, an attempt should be made in the legislature, by the party injured, to now so amend the law that no such decision as that of Judge Avery could be possible?

We hope our readers will save this copy of THE CAUCASIAN, for the sake of the noble words of Justice Clark, concurred in by Justice Davis, extracted from the case of Harris vs Scarborough. Let them be read to any Democrat who is willing to hear. How many papers in North Carolina will help us to put these facts before the people? So far as we can, we will turn on the light, and we hope our patrons will aid us to the full extent of their opportunities.

A LETTER

FROM THE STATE PRESIDENT TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ALLIANCE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR NO. 7.

OFFICE OF MARION BUTLER,
President N. C. F. S. A.
GOLDSBORO, N. C. March 11, 1893.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SUB-ALLIANCES OF NORTH CAROLINA:

On Feb. 10th the State Executive Committee and State President of the N. C. F. S. A. sent out for your consideration and action a joint address. Recent events make it necessary for me to supplement what was then said. The Executive Committee, I am sure, would join in this address if they were in session. All of you have, no doubt, learned through various sources of the attempt of the legislature to repeal the charter of the State Alliance. This action was taken by that body without cause and without evidence or even the shadow of proof that the Alliance had in any way violated the terms of its charter. To say this is the most high handed, unjust and cowardly piece of legislation ever attempted by any legislature of North Carolina, is to state it mildly. And as your chief officer, I feel that it is my duty to give you the inside of this matter as I see it. We think we state a fact that no one will question, when we say to begin with that the majoritiy of the members of the legislature of 1893 were not friendly to the Alliance as an organization; as a non-partisan organization, they feared and hated it, for it would be natural for partisans to do so. Under one consideration only could they love it, that is, if it would become an intensely partisan organization, and be a partisan for their party.

But there were still other persons who were behind the legislature who urged that body to take the action that it did. Who were they? They were the same persons who tried to prejudice you against the officers and management of the Alliance last summer and fall, by wilfully lying while they knew the truth; they are the men who charged that the unds of the Alliance were being used to to pay political speakers and to run partisan papers; they are the men who advised you not to attend your Alliance meetings nor to pay your dues; they are the men who advised you to disband the sub-lodges and return your charters. These are the same men who stood behind the scenes prompting the legislature and instigating it to take such action. Even after the "Joint Address," signed by the State President and the Executive Committee a majority of whom are Democrats, was issued, and the several cards written by Bro. W. A. Graham, the Trustee of the S. B. A. F. were published, all giving the lie to the false and slanderous charges, these same malicious cowards and covert enemies of the Alliance some of whom, who claimed to be members of the Order, still insisted that the funds of the Alliance had been used to further the interests of the People's party; in short they used all their develish ingenuity to still further arouse the partisan prejudice of the legislature. On these presentations (though that body professed that it was on other grounds and for other reasons) the house passed the bill repealing the charter of the State Alliance. It was decided in a secret political caucus to force this bill through without a debate or giving any one a hearing. The programe was carried out in the House. In fact the bill was passed not only without giving a hearing in committee, not only without allowing a debate on the floor, but even without being read on the second and third readings, so that those who were not in the secret political caucus scarcely knew what they were voting on. The bill was sent over to the senate without engrossment to be passed by that body in the same indecent haste. Being notified by telegram of such high handed proceedings, your State President appeared next morning and demanded a hearing. He was at first told that it was no use, that the bill would certainly pass as it was. But we demanded and forced a hearing. When the committee was asked who were the parties that were asking for such actions on their part, they refused to give the names of the cowardly sneaks some of whom no doubt were not far off at the time; when asked for what reasons they were about to pass a bill without warning, effecting many thousand of our citizens they simply pointed to the preamble of the bill, which set forth that whereas some Alliancemen wanted to draw their money from the Business Agney fund, and whereas some were afraid that they were personally liable for any debts of the Alliance etc., that therefore be it enacted that the charter be repealed etc. These charges were not valid and no one appeared to father them. But realizing that we were not before a court of justice but a partisan political body, we offered to accept two amendments to the present charter of the State Alliance covering these two points. At first it seemed that this would be acceptable to the legislature, but in fact, how could that body refuse to accept amendments covering all that any one (though unknown to us) had ever asked for? But there was a hidden purpose behind all this and the cowardly schemers were forced to show their villainy. If they accepted our amendment, they did not accomplish their secret purposes, which was to cripple and destroy the Alliance as a business organization. They hesitated they cancused for nearly a week, they called in distinguished lawyers to labor with them in their evil designs. At last they decided on a lot of amendments that they thought would accomplish their purpose, and these they rushed through both houses without giving time to those concerned to consult and to have a hearing. The State Secretary sends you a copy of these amendments so you can read and see the animus of their action for yourself.

Now, brethren, no matter what your politics are or has been, if you believe in equal justice can you endorse such action? The same powers and influences that have feared and fought the Alliance from the beginning, though at times less openly, are now trying to crush the organization by legislative measures. There has never been a time when organization was more necessary. These powers which are working to the detriment of the farmers and laborers, and which have been fighting the Alliance, because in that way only could the people protect themselves, are to-day organized and will stay organized party or no party. Then what is our duty? Clearly to stand together and keep organized for co-operation and self-protection. No true Allianceman will desire to withdraw his money from the Business Agency Fund, and if there are some who do, let us be ready to fill the hole and see that the fund is not reduced. The State Business Agency is still only in its infancy though it has already saved the people of this State millions of dollars. In short the Alliance has done a grand work not only in its business department, but in rousing and educating us all to our duties and rights as citizens. The blindest and narrowest partisan in North Carolina can not deny this. In conclusion, brethren, I must urge you, as you value your liberty, as you love your wife and children, never to let your organization go down, but keep it intact and make it grow and prosper, that it may protect and bless mankind.

MARION BUTLER,
Pres't N. C. F. S. A.

We start a continued story for the children this week, "Daisy's Jewel Box." The first chapter will be found under "Children's Corner."

Under "Woman's Sphere" we publish this week a short sketch of the Rives Sisters The continued Story "My Lady Tongue" which we are now running is written by one of these sisters.

The first issue of The Wayne-Duplin Review, dated March 24th, a paper started at Mt. Olive, N. C., by Mr. Arthur Whiteley is upon our table. While it is a "patent outside," it will be a pretty good local paper for a town the size of Mt. Olive if it keeps up to the present standard.

Last year the politicians and the partisan papers told the people that it was over-production of cotton that was the matter with them, so they made less cotton and more corn. Now they say there is an overproduction of corn. But why does not cotton go up? The people thought that "that man was pronounced blessed who made two blades of grass grow where there was only one" and they are beginning to realize that it is true now, were not the laws of nature and nature's God tampered with by unscrupulous speculators and gamblers. What is government for if it is not to protect the rights of the people and guarantee to every man a free opportunity. When there is no government every fellow fights for himself; but that government, is worse than none, that goes into partnership with the few to oppress the many. The people can remedy this with their votes and they will do it;

Col. Elliott F. Shepard Dead.

Col. Elliott F. Shepard, editor of the New York Mail and Express died last Friday. The doctors were preparing to perform a surgical operation upon him and administered ether. While the ether was taking effect he began to have trouble in breathing, and died before the physicians could relieve him.

Subscribe to The Caucasian $1.00 per year.

WORLD'S NEWS IN BRIEF.

STATE.

A Strange Death.

A small white boy in Matthews township, named Johnson, met with a sudden and strange death on last Thursday. He was a scholar attending the school at Love's Creek church about two miles east of Siler City, and on last Thursday morning he was found there dead, his body hanging on the outside of the school house with the window sash resting on his neck. It is supposed that he, being the first to arrive there that day and finding the door closed, attempted to enter by raising the window, which accidently fell on his neck, and either broke it or choked him to-deaih-—Chatham Record.

Hotel at Mt. Pisgah.

It was reported yesterday that Mr. Geo. W. Vanderbilt has purchased Mt. Pisgah and will build a large and elegant hotel on the top of the mountain. This mountain is 5,737 feet above the sea level, therefore it will be the highest elevation upon which a hotel is built this side of the Rocky Mountains. The citizens living near and owning land on Mt. Pisgah gave us this information yesterday, stating that they had sold their land to Mr. Vanderbilt.—Asheville Gazette.

Diploma For Best Millstone.

Mr. J. T. Wyatt, the millstone maker, has received from the North Carolina Agricultural Society a diploma for the best North Carolina millstones exhibited at the State Fair last October. For years Moore county has had the honor of furnishing the best millstones in the State, but must now yield the palm to Rowan. Mr. Wyatt is to be congratulated upon having won such distinction.—Salisbury Hearld.

Fled With $2,400.

The Governor has offered $200 reward for the arrest of J. M. Benson, Treasurer of Harnett county, official information having been received that Benson had taken $2,400 of the county funds and fled. The belief is that he has gone to Texas or Mexico.

The saw mill of the New Berne Lumber company was burned on the 23rd inst.

The Mount Airy granite quarries are filling an order from Philadelphia for $60,000,000 worth of stone.

Gov. Carr has offered a reward of $200 for the arrest of James Morse of Cleveland county charged with the murder of Wm. Turner.

Mr. Raney, proprietor of the Yarboro house at Raleigh, has transferred his lease to Mr. Lewis T. Brown, for years the chief clerk.

The citizens of Charlotte presented Mr. Moody with $500 for his services there. $400 of this amount he gave to the Y. M. C. A.

Robt. L. Jones, who last July murdered William Smith of Lincoln county, and for whom $200 reward was offered, has been captured in Texas.

Two convicts, Jim Patterson and Will Jones, the former a white man made their escape from the stockades last Saturday, so says the Charlotte Observer.

Asheville is to have an agricultural school. The Superintendent is to be a graduate of the agricultural department of the Cornel Uuiversity farm.

Gov. Carr offers a reward of $250 for the arrest of Add Sutton, of Sampson county, who is charged with the murder of John R. Robinson, of the same county.

The Durham Sun says: Mr. B. L. Duke will commence the erection of ten or twelve acres of houses at an early day. The lots have been staked off ready to begin work.

Mr. Schoofield the Virginia Evangelist, began a series of meetings in Raleigh on Sunday last. He is said to be a fine preacher and evidently fully consecrated to the work.

Secretary Eugene Hassell of the North Carolina Teacher's Assembly has had up to date over 400 applicants to go with the teachers' excursion to the World's Fair. The limit is 1,200.

Salt water in which to keep live salt water fish at the World's Fair is to be obtained at Morehead. Five immense iron tanks have arrived at Morehead for first supply. The tanks hold about 4,500 gallons and just fit a car built for the purpose.

Mr. Moody's meetings at Wilmington closed Friday evening and he left that night for his home in Northfield, Mass. Miss Tyson his assistant, remained in Wilmington until Monday. The attendance generally was larger than could get seats in the compress and the interest unquestioned.

The Mooresville Register says: One of our young townsmen rode out last Sunday 'eve to see his best girl in the country, and as misfortune would have it, his horse fell and threw the young lady out of the bug-by into the mud. Our young friend has our sympathy.

Why, brother, you sympathize for the young man only. Don't the young lady deserve your sympathy also? Go at once and spologize.—ED.

The Carolinian says: Thursday week, at Bullock's store, Granville county, while the school boys were playing ball, an accident occurred, resulting in the death of a boy named Jimmie Evans. He was standing behind another boy, Lip Hillard, who let the bat fly back, striking young Evans on the head, breaking his skull in a horrible manner. The boy lived in an unconscious condition until Saturday, when he died. He was about thirteen years old and son of Mr. John W. Evans.

A boiler in the Florence cotton mills, at Forest City, exploded Monday, wrecking the engine room and a portion of the factory building and doing other damage. The fireman was instantly killed and six others were seriously wounded, four of whom will die. Among the injured was the superintendent of the mill, who was hurt by falling timbers. The force of the explosion was so great that a five ton boiler was blown fifty yards from its position. The shock was felt in Rutherfordton, seven miles distant, and caused considerable excitement, the people thinking it was an earthquake. The damage to the mill will be repaired as soon as possible, and the mill put in running condition.—Salisbury Herald.

NATIONAL.

The Great Lancashire Cotton Strike Ended.

The Federation of the Master Cotton Spinners and the Amalgamated Association of operative cotton spinners met Friday to discuss the terms for the settlement of the strike. After a meeting of twelve hours with the intermission, it was agreed that the spinners should accept a reduction of seven pence in a pound in their wages.

A Terrible Cyclone Passes up the Mississippi Valley. Not a Soul Left at Tunica, Miss.

A cyclone swept over north Mississippi and west Tennessee Thursday evening, leaving ruin in its wake. Tunica, Miss., was blown away and several people were killed and injured.

Nebraska After her Officials.

The Nebraska legislature has adopted a resolution declaring that it had been shown that several State officials are guilty of malfeasance or negligence and provides for the appointment of an impeachment committee.

Appointed Statistician.

WASHINGTON, March 22.—Judge Henry A. Robinson, of Detroit, has been appointed Statistician of the Department of Agriculture, to succeed J. R. Dodge, Statistician, who has been issueing Government crop reports for many years.

Mr. Cleveland has appointed Gen. Wade Hampton Commissioner of Railroads.

Senator Harris has been elected President pro tem of the United States Senate.

It is reported that the gripp, in a more violent form, has again made its appearance in New York.

May the 30th has been fixed upon as the day for the removal and reinterment of the remains of ex-President Jefferson Davis to Richmond Va.

Maj R. L. Rayland, known as "The Tobacco Seed Man." died at his home near Hyco, Halifax county, Va., on Sunday, the 19th inst. He was 70 years old.

Henry Clay Smith (col) of Birmingham, Ala., is thought to be the coming man for Minister to Liberia. He is a full blooded negro it is said, but a man of fine intellect; a lawyer by profession.

It is reported that Cleveland and Carlisle have sent an agent to London to sell fifty million dollars Government bonds for English gold, which means to tax the American people for the benefit of the English money power.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., March 23.—A cyclone swept over north Mississippi and west Tennessee late this evening, leaving ruin in its wake. Tunica, Miss., was blown away, and several people were reported killed and injured. The wires are down in every direction, and it is difficult to get details.

FOREIGN.

War In Hayti.

Minister Durham at Port Au Prince, Hayti cabeled the Department of State that the insurgents had crossed the Haytian frontier from San Domingo an that a decisive battle had been fought.

Charles De Lesseps Guilty.

Charles de Lesseps, accused of corrupting the minister of public works, Baihut, to support the Panama lottery bill, has been found guilty by the jury. Baihut, who confessed his guilt in open court and Blondin, who acted as a go between in the bribery of Baihut, were also found guilty. All the other prisoners were acquitted. These are Marius Fontaine, a Panama canal director; M. Sans Leroy, Ex-Deputy, accused of changing his vote in the committee on the Panama bill as the result of bribery; Senator Beral accused of being bribed by Baron Reinach, and Deputies Dugue de la Fauconnerie, Gobron and Antonio Proust, accused of corruption.

A Mountain Sunk.

PANAMA, March 24,—A tremendously destructive phenomenon has occurred in the department of Cauca, in the Republic of Columbia. The volcano of the Sotara has been unusually active, and the people of that region are greatly excited by the rumbling of the earth, and the extraordinary violence of the volcanic eruption. Suddenly while the volcano was belching forth flame and smoke to a great height, the earth began to shake as if a most violent convulsion was in progress, and the mountain ridge called Cruz Lama suddenly sank along its entire extension. The inhabitants in the vicinity who had a chance to escape, fled in terror from the scene, and not too soon, as the sunken ridge damned up three rivers and added devastation to the terrors of the earthquake and volcano. There are twelve persons known to have perished, and many cattle destroyed, and more destruction is feared, as the rivers whose channells have been obstructed are rising rapidly. Great suffering prevails in Cauca, usually the most flourishing department in Columbia, and many people are starving, owing to the failure of crops, and this new unexpected calamity has added greatly to the general wretchedness.

The Mayor of Moscow was shot on the 22nd inst. He died on the next morning. It is thought the crime is an outcome of a nihilist plot.

It is asserted that the great cotton strike in London that has been under way for about five months is approaching its end. The employees have agreed to a compromise.

MY LADY'S TONGUE.

CHAPTER IV.

REJECTED AGAIN.

"What! Are you blue?" Boughton asked, convinced now that the glisten was not due to the firelight. "On Christmas Eve, too! That will not do the least in the world. What's wrong?"

She tossed herself back into the open arms of the big chair with a petulant gesture.

"Every thing!" she cried—"*Every thing!*"

Boughton sat a moment gazing steadily into the fire.

"Judith," he said, at last, "can't you tell me, dear? I might help you, you know!"

"You couldn't! you couldn't!" she said, still vehemently knitting her chestnut brows, which in that position were absurdly like her father's. "Nobody can. I can't myself. Oh! dear!"

It is impossible to express the rebellion condensed into that one "Oh! dear!" The room seemed to reverberate with it.

Boughton could think of absolutely nothing to say just then, so he edged along toward her over the deerskin rug, until he could rest his arm on the arm of her chair.

"Tell me," he urged. "Do, Judith. One can never tell. Perhaps I may be the very one to help you."

But she said "No," very curtly, and stared over his head into the fire.

Presently, however, she burst forth again:

"Was there ever such a wild place as the University of Virginia, do you think?" she cried.

At that, "Oh!" said Phil to himself. Dick had of course been getting into trouble, and had cast his burden upon his sister's plucky little shoulders, after his usual brave fashion.

"I don't know much about it, you know," he made answer. "What has Dick been telling you?"

She looked at him sharply.

"Why do you think Dick has been telling me any thing?" she asked, in a rather careful voice.

"How else should you know?" Boughton said, easily. "But of course don't tell me unless you wish."

Suddenly she leaned forward, setting one hand back down in the other as they rested on her knees. Her necklace swung forward from her bending throat, and the fire-light cast dainty, circular shadows from its beads upon the snowy white of her neck.

"Yes, I will tell you," she said, suddenly. "Dick is in debt—the old, old story to sisters—for how much do you suppose?"

"I don't know," said Boughton, stupidly.

He was not thinking in the least of Dick just then. He was wondering how many of those little soft round shadows there were on her white breast, and whether he could count them if he tried.

"Well, then—for eight—do you hear?—for eight—thousand—dollars."

"That's not so very bad," said Boughton, reassuringly. "We can pull him through."

"We?" said the girl, haughtily, on the defensive at once. "Who do you mean by 'we?'"

All at once he got his arms about her. She felt his hot breath in her hair, on her throat.

"Who should I mean but you and I—you and I—you and I!" he went on repeating, in a sort of intoxication. "Judith—kiss me!"

"Kiss you!" she said, "KISS you!"

She was absolutely rigid with fury. Was ever man so blind as Boughton?—so deaf, one might say. He leaned forward and kissed the pretty blue bow, and the space of white flesh encircled by the blue beads. He looked up and would have kissed her lips, but was stopped by the furious light in her eyes. He started back and freed her in a moment.

"This is the second time," she said, with shut teeth, as he remembered her once before to have spoken—"the second time you have benaved like a beast to me."

"Judith!" he said.

"Yes—a beast!" she said, biting down on the word, as it were, with her sharp little teeth.

"Judith," he said again, "take care—take care!"

"Take care!" she repeated. "Take care that! Of the womanhood that you don't respect! There! Your lips have touched them, they are vile!"

She jerked at the blue necklace with a sharp movement which broke it, and the pretty beads went rolling this way and that over the fur rug and the polished floor. The kitten in the Toby-collar pursued one into a distant corner, and thought the episode gotten up for her especial benefit. One or two rolled down into Judith's bodice, and felt very cold and disagreeable, but she was too much wrought up just then to think of physical discomfort.

She stood opening and shutting her hands in a sort of heipless gesture of rage.

"How dare you treat me so?" she said, breathlessly. "How dare you!—dare you! —dare you!"

He was on his feet, of course, by this time, and stood facing her with his head well up, and his hands well down in his pockets, an extremely angry man. The lover was quite taken up with indignation.

"How dare you treat *me* so?" he returned, with rather ominous quietness. "Do you think it is very—er—ladylike to call people 'beasts!'"

"'Ladylike!'" panted poor Judith, who for the time being could not resist echoing him. "Ladylike!" she cried again.

"Ladylike—the DEVIL!" she said for the third time, bringing down her teeth with a vicious little snap over the terrible word.

Boughton was actually livid.

"Pardon me," he said, bowing and turning on his heel. 'Good evening" But as he reached the door he wheeled around and came back to her. "Judith," he said, in a voice that she did not at all find familiar, "I meant to ask you just now to be my wife. Of course I leave at once. I will concoct some story to tell your father and Dick. Good-bye."

He went without so much as touching her hand, and closed the door, opening it again, however, to thrust a little mat out of the way. He did not again look over in her direction. Then he went finally.

And she stood staring at the closed door, thinking in a vague way that it was Christmas Eve, and that she had better ring for her maid to gather together the scattered beads—and that Boughton had gone, and that she had lost her temper and forgotten herself utterly.

There was a rigorous wind a-romp in the narrow hall-ways and the locust trees without, and in the distant corner the kitten was still scrabbling about with one of the fallen beads. It was quite still save for these noises, and the sound of the wood fire, which was busily "treading snow."

She stood there until the room seemed receding in a golden haze, and then she turned stiffly, and, stooping down, began to pick up the blue beads from the floor. The kitten, seeing her kneeling, scampered up, expecting a frolic. She lifted the pretty little brute to her white breast and held it thus while she went on in her laborious search.

Judith did not see Phil again until three years afterward, when she was twenty-one, and the civil war had broken out in all its horror. He was a Colonel on General ——'s staff, and happened to be encamped near Charlottesville, and Colonel Page asked himself and the General to dinner. The latter declined for some reason or other, but, much to Judith's amazement, Boughton came.

She watched him dismount from his horse, looking through her closed window blinds, and her heart emulated the action of poor Trumpeter's diaphragm on the memorable occasion three years ago. She saw that he had broadened a great deal and was browner—very much browner—in fact, quite dingy as to complexion, and that his undress uniform was abominably shabby.

Then she turned slowly away and went down stairs. She had thought a good deal over her toilet, laying out the four gowns in her possession on her narrow bed. Among them was the creamy one with the little blue bow at the bodice. She was as slender as ever, and could have worn it very well, but she tossed it aside decidedly. She finally clad herself in a gray serge, which had originally been a vivid pink, and belonged to one of her great-aunts. A rosy tinge was still discernible here and there in the folds, and after the fashion of that in a gray cloud at sunset. She put on a little tucker of old lace, which, black, had been "done up" with bluing, but there were no bows, nor beads, nor bronze shoes this time. As for herself, she looked precisely the same as she had done three years ago, save that there was rarely any red nowadays in the brown of her eyes.

She went down slowly, coming to a halt on each shallow stair of the oak stair-case. She was not at all sure of her reception. Would he stare grimly, and be very icy to her? Or would he merely ignore her? Or would he indulge in covert sarcasms, that only she could understand?

She made up her mind at last, however, and turning the knob of the drawing-room door, entered abruptly and noiselessly.

The Colonel was established in his red-leathern half-way house, with his gouty foot on a stool, and Boughton sat astride of one of the various spindle legged chairs, with his arms resting on its back, and his chin on his arms. He got up when Judith entered, and came forward to meet her, holding out both hands.

"Well, my Lady Tongue," said he, with the smile she remembered.

There was not a trace of bitterness, of sarcasm, of coldness in his voice. It was absolutely natural, if a trifle mischievous,

MY LADY TONGUE.

and somehow this perverse young wished that it had been either one of the other three, rather than what it was. She found spirit enough at her command, however, to answer saucily:

"Well, Sir Oracle!"

He still held her hands, and looked down at her.

"You haven't changed the least," he said, presently. "Er—that is—have you?"

"No," she said, with all her old curtness this time, resenting the still very decided mischief in his tone.

"I don't know that I'm sorry," he said, gravely, and then the Colonel called to him, and he turned away to answer.

They saw him very often during the next fortnight. He was always riding down at unexpected moments, and stopping in to dinner or tea. It is true that his conversation was chiefly with the Colonel concerning war matters, and what had been, and what was to come, etc.

Dick had just joined Boughton's regiment, and the Colonel was as anxious to know all about him as though he had been in several engagements, whereas he had not been in any. He came jingling down with Boughton one day in all the pride of his new trappings, flushed and really looking quite gallant. Judith had still the advantage of that half inch, but the boy was sturdier than at seventeen, and carried himself very well.

They arrived about sundown, and the Colonel, being confined to his room by a very sharp attack of gout, they had some chocolate in Judith's "Tea Caddy." The hard times of sweet-potato coffee and blackberry-leaf tea had not yet changed, and Judith's chocolate was above praise.

Boughton cast a rather curious look about the room as he sat down, and Judith handed him one of the wide, shallow cups that he remembered. It was all just the same, all except the kitten in the Toby-collar, who was now a sedate matron with two children, who had each inherited a Toby-collar, as much like their parent's as possible.

Boughton took one upon his knee, and Dick captured the other, while Judith ministered to their mamma with bits of cake soaked in the chocolate.

"I say," remarked Dick, suddenly, "by ——! if it isn't only a week from Christmas. Do you remember the way you trotted off and left us on Christmas Eve three years ago, Cousin Phil! You do, don't you, Judy?"

Judith said: "Oh, yes," that she remembered, of course.

Boughton, who was smoking one of the Colonel's old Cabanas, lazily stroked the paw of the kitten on his knee with the unoccupied fingers of his cigar hand. Judith thought she detected a smile—the wraith of a smile behind the smoke haze. She drew herself up, and a very haughty look came over her fair, fireilt features.

"Assuredly I remember it," said Boughton, all of a sudden, when Dick, who was busily engaged in tormenting his kitten by pulling its Toby-collar half over its ears, had forgotten that he had put the question.

"I should think I did," he went on. "The thermometer was only fifteen above zero, and the wagon got stalled in a snow drift before we were half way to the station."

Judith again waxed perceptibly taller. She would have added two or three cubits to her stature if she could have done so. She told herself that she hated her cousin Philip Boughton very much indeed.

"Well, Jude certainly made a lovely present out of you, anyway," laughed Dick. "And, I must say, she appreciated it. I don't believe it's been off of her arm for the last three years."

Boughton could not repress a quick look in Judith's direction. She was making a fire-screen out of one of her long hands, and he could not see her expression for the shadows from her fingers. But, by and by, when Dick went out for something or other, he pitched his cigar into the fire and went over beside her.

"Have you really worn that trinket all this time?" he said, with more of curiosity than any other emotion apparent in his voice.

"Certainly," said Judith, stiffly. "You were very good in sending it to me, and I was very rude to you."

She got suddenly to her feet and stood in front of him.

"Cousin Phil," she said, in a quick, vibrating tone that he had never before heard her use, "I began three letters to you about that, but I was ashamed to send them. I was afraid you would not read them. I was sorry—I—I *am* sorry," she ended, under her breath.

There was a pause, but before he could speak, she had turned back the sleeve of her gray gown from her pretty, blue-veined arm, and had unfastened the dull gold links, with their sapphire settings.

"Here," she said, holding it out to him; "I—I ought not to have kept it. I—always meant—to return it to you."

"Did you?" said Boughton, in a somewhat curious voice.

He allowed her to put the bracelet in his hands, stood turning it about in the glow from the fire which made daylight in the big, blue stones.

"Of course you don't expect me to keep it!" he said at last, looking up at her.

"Why? why?" she said, rather blankly.

"O, well, because I like to fancy you more consistent than other women, perhaps. You know it wouldn't be very consistent to tell me that you were sorry for a rudeness in one breath, and then to commit another in the next. Would it, now?"

"I—don't understand," said the Lady Tongue, who seemed all at once to have forfeited her claim to that title.

"Why, you see," Phil went on slowly, "it isn't very civil to return a gift. May I put it on for you?"

She stood perfectly silent for fully a moment. There was no sound save from the softly crackling fire. Then she held out her arm. As he slipped the bracelet back into its place, he said, quietly:

"That was a very pretty custom among the Jews, was it not?—the custom of having betrothal bracelets."

"Did they?" said Judith, indistinctly.

"Why, you must have read of it. The lover put on the bracelet and then pushed back his sweetheart's vail for the first time. Your hair is like a vail, Judith."

"Is it?" said Judith.

There was a hammering at her ears, and his voice came to her indistinctly. She felt that he was drawing her nearer and nearer to him by the arm that he still held, then his hand was on her hair pushing it back from her temple and eyes. Then his mouth upon her mouth.

She seemed suddenly to break from a spell. She pushed him from her with might and main, and stood apart, shuddering but erect.

"You—you—think that you have only to command, Sir Oracle," she said, in a steady voice. She even smiled a little. Then she took off the bracelet and laid it on the table between them.

"I can not wear it," she said, very clearly. "And dad will be wanting me now. Good night."

She was gone, and Boughton stood for several minutes with his chin set in his thumb and forefinger, looking down at the pretty blue and gold kickshaw.

It was just three days after this that a rather lively skirmish took place in the Mill-Meadow.

It was an encounter between Boughton's men, who were on their way to join General —— at Gordonsville, and a regiment that had lost its way in following.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EASTER REFLECTIONS.

What significance attaches to Easter if Moses made the "mistake" attributed to him by Col. Ingersoll? It requires no argument to demonstrate that the "mistakes," if real, would have been fatal to the commemoration of the day. The age cannot pause to celebrate the anniversary of an untruth, much less can a Christian civilization be perpetuated upon a fallacy. The highest flights of American patriotism would not be equal to the task of honoring the Fourth of July if there was no antecedent truth upon which to base the national jubilee. The nation's natal day means something it is founded upon a historical fact, and because it is a fact a mighty people unite in anthems and peans of national rejoicing.

Historically, Easter commemorates a risen Savior. Spiritually it means more than that. For a leader, risen from the grave, enthroned in Heaven, typical of human hope and the assured life beyond the tomb, is the embodiment of all religious truth. Jesus predicted His Messiahship upon the truths of the Old Testament as well as those he came to reveal. A Messiahship based upon "the mistakes of Moses" and the other prophets would be incongruous and farcical. Easter, therefore, stands forth as the eternal signal light of a great and undying truth. The waves of skepticism and all ages have beaten against this rock in vain. Voltaire and Paine and Hume assailed it from varied standpoints, but there it shines more luminous than ever. Ingersoll would disdain the tools of the earlier skeptical writers as others in turn will refuse to use his; but the fact stands Easter, century after century, to herald to increasing millions the glory of the truth.

It is sometimes helpful and inspiring to look upon truth from fresh vantage grounds. If we study the truths of the Old Testament as Jesus studied and proclaimed them we get a better insight into all that is meant by His descent into the dark tomb and His glorious emergence. The books of the *Bible*, written by various authors at different periods of the world's history, partaking so largely of local coloring, molded by the environments of the writers, unless inspired must have absorbed inevitably some of the contemporaneous beliefs, creeds, maxims and traditions in morals, political economy, philosophy, medicine and kindred sciences of the pagan nations. Outside of the Bible all the writings of those ages are more or less permeated with gross errors. The most fantastic notions prevailed about the cosmogony of the universe, the nature of the elements, the structure of the globe, the cause and cure of disease, the movements of the heavenly bodies and all the physical phenomena known to man. There was absolutely no escape from the infiltration of these false concepts into the books of the Bible, written by a variety of authors unknown to each other and living at periods widely separated, unless the writers were inspired by a superior existence whom we call God, and whom Christ calls by the precious name of Father. There is no escape from this conclusion by any acceptable rule of logic.

But the Bible is free from all these errors. This one characteristic of the sacred writings is alone the greatest miracle of the ages. For though Christ raised the dead He had not the power to raise such a tremendous historic fact out of the grave of untruth.

Easter, then, in commemorating Christ's resurrection, commemorates all truth. It is a beacon light of tremendous significance reaching across the ages to the cradle of mankind and sweeping onward into the eons of eternity.

FISHING IN CONTENEA CREEK.

We have received several letters inquiring about the law passed by the General Assembly with reference to the above creek. The bill is short, we publish it in full for the information of those concerned.

An act to protect fish in Contenea creek.

The general assembly of N. C. do enact:

SECTION 1. That it shall be unlawful for any person to place set nets in waters of Contentnea Creek from its mouth to Coward's old bridge, from the first day of February to the first day of May.

SEC. 2. That any person violating the provisions of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and fined not exceeding ten dollars for each and every offence.

SEC. 3. That this act shall be in force from and after its ratification.

In the general Assembly read three times and ratified this the 6th day of March A. D. 1893.

Queen Victoria has gone to Italy to spend the spring.

THE CAUCASIAN.

BORO, N. C., MAR. 30, '93.

YNE COUNTY.

esse Walker, living in the wn portion of Goldsboro, died nobia last Sunday.

. P. Grimsly, an old and re- itizen of Green county, died me on last Thursday.

n peas are on the jump. The s for a good crop are prom- We have heard of some in round town.

ay municipal election is only month off. Bring out your financial exhibit. In other ow your hand.

ed Overman is erecting and have in operation a lumber mill in the city, near the he R. & D. railroad. Suc- on Fred.

of last week gave us our der storm. It was the snake f this spring. Now get out ing tackle. Maj. Bass says bite now.

wnsman, Mr. C. B. Aycock, ing man for District Attor- e Eastern District. That's As long as ye local could e place, we are glad Char- man.

Best, a colored man, living ive, this county, was bitten dog sometime during the a few days ago a genuine drophobia developed. He perfect agony on the 25th

ung man riding a beautiful olored horse around town some of us are not acquain- said horse. Some horses tures, or general expression nance that are recognizable. same old plug, only Walter has run his clippers over him,

e is a genuine "English" cork ing just back of our office, Green's garden. It is nearly in diameter and the bark (from ch corks is made) is thick enough make ordinary bottle stoppers. tree is quite old. We think it set out thirty or forty years ago the late Dr. Green.

ld put this conumdrum to us ys ago: "Why is Ex-Gov- like a railroad locomotive?" we give it up, and his answer Because he does the blowing ing and the Carr follows And still another: "Why was Legislature like a hornet?" its Sting is likely to leave impression."

the hundreds of subscribers every week we strike some mes. We received a letter days ago from Mr. I. Odum, one dollar for renewal, and rious to see if such was but we found Mr. Odum al- up to May. We suppose want it said, as his name I-owe-em. He did not owe doesn't propose to, for he goes.

Atlantic & North Carolina Company has been sending road lately car after car ith large oil stands. We that there must be immense of oil down there awaiting tation, and so remarked to a man, and he informed us oil they were to be filled water from Morehead City ater) to be sent to the World's is a long distance to haul there is plenty of it there, they can afford the expense help themselves.

may be reading THE CAUCA- SIAN for the first time. If so, examine this copy carefully. You will see that it is a COM- PLETE FAMILY NEWSPAPER, con- taining matter of interest and profit to every member of the family. It makes no difference what your politics are, if you want to hear the truth told and believe in justice being done to all our citizens alike, then you want THE CAUCASIAN. Sub- scribe at once and don't miss an issue. One year $1.00; 6 mos. 50 cts.

BUTLER'S APPOINTMENTS.

e State President of the Alli- Mr. Marion Butler, will speak e following times and places:

's Mountain, April 1st.
rove, (Sampson Co.) " 7.
" " " 8.
derson (Vance Co) 11 a m " 13.
ford (Granville Co) 3:30 p m " 13.
ford Cabarrus Co) " 20.

DR. CYRUS W. THOMPSON,

Lecturer of the North Carolina Farm- ers' State Alliance,

speak at the following times places:

by Hill, (Iredell County Alli- ursday, April 13th, 1893.
a County Alliance, Friday, , 1893.
ville, (Alexander county) April 15th, 1893.
son, (Ashe county) Monday, 17th, 1893.

ppointments to follow will n next issue.

EVILL'S POSTMASTER.

P. Kerr, editor Asheville as been appointed Postmas- heville, N. C.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

When will Mr. Olney, Cleveland's Attorney General, begin to carry out the Chicago platform, by smashing trusts?

The Brooklyn Eagle says: "Mr. Cleveland is in no hurry" but the people are. When will the tariff be reduced so as to give the people relief?

Reader, are you doing your level best to secure subscriptions to THE CAUCASIAN? Remember, the success of the movement in your locality depends upon you. We furnish the arguments; its yours to furnish the readers.

See in another column what Senator Schoolfield has to say about the Alliance charter and the tobacco trust bill. Partisan papers, like the Carolinian even, which has damaged reform by speculating in it for a purpose, can no longer blind the truth or keep the facts from the people.

When Cleveland makes an appointment, the todoging partisan editors say: "It is a capital appointment, he could not have found a better man in the Democratic party." That may be true, but he might have gone outside the partisan lines and found a better man, as he did in the case of Gresham.

THE CAUCASIAN has never been more hated and feared by a certain set of wrong doers, than it is to-day. Why? Because it is dealing in the logic of truth and has the ears of thousands of people of all political parties and will soon reach thousands more. Those who hate and abuse the paper are not able to disprove the facts we are giving to the people.

They trying to boom Senator Ransom, trying to magnify his "great influence" because Gen. Wm. Cox was selected Secretary of Senate over Washington. This is popycock and stuff. Mr. Washington, of Va., is the man who has been writing letters exposing and criticising Mr. Cleveland, and if a dozen Matt Ransoms had worked for him he could not have been elected Secretary of the Senate.

Mr. Morss, the editor of the Indianapolis Sentinel who has been as blind and as foolish a worshipper of Mr. Cleveland as Rev. LL. D. Col. Kingsbury of the Messenger, and who got mad a few weeks ago and cussed Cleveland out for his mugwumpishness in making appointments, has had his mouth shut. Cleveland has appointed him Consul General to Paris, and he will now of course be in a frame of mind to forgive all the other appointments (Gresham included) made by the Boss Mugwump. If North Carolina was a proota! State and Rev. LL. D. Col. Kingsbury was of enough importance, he might now cuss enough to get his mouth shut in the same way.

We have received more congratulations on last week's issue of THE CAUCASIAN than we ever have on an issue before. THE CAUCASIAN is "turning on the light" and fair-minded men of all political parties are glad. It has been peculiarly gratifying to receive congratulations from men who voted the Democratic ticket. The majority of the people of North Carolina are working hard for an honest living and believe in fair play. They want to know the truth, even though it makes them sad that it is so. Honest men, who have always been Democrats and who are very partial to that party, are pained to know the facts we are publishing, but since they are facts, they want to know the truth. This is why they read THE CAUCASIAN.

The assential principle of a Republic is individual virtue. Does any one doubt or will any one deny this? Then those individuals who stooped to dishonest and questionable methods in the late election and who suggested and taught dishonest methods to others who had never thought of them, are the worst enemies to a republican form of government. They are cankering and eating sores in the body politic. If this element long rules in any Republic, they will be the means of destroying it. History records how the masses of the honest people have arisen in their might and mistaking the form of government for the cankering sore, have distroyed their own government.

SPEAKING AT KING'S MOUNTAIN.

SATURDAY, APRIL 1ST, 1893.

The notice in last week's issue of THE CAUCASIAN that President Marion Butler would speak at Mt. Holly is a mistake. The speaking will be at King's Mountain, N. C., on that day.

L. G. CATHEY, Sec't'y
Gaston Co. Alliance.

Rev. John D. Scott Bitten by a Mad Dog.

Rev. Jno. D. Scott, of Lucama, Wilson county, while going to his work one day last week attacked by a mad dog. The dog seized him by the nose and tore it badly. Mr. Scott left at once for Wilson for medical advice.

S. OTHO WILSON

NOT PUT ON TRIAL.—THE CASE NOL-PROSED AND TAKEN OUT OF COURT.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 28.—The case of the State vs. S. Otho Wilson, charged with belonging to a secret political organization, called Gideon's Band came up to-day in Wake Superior Court. The plea of "nole contendere" was entered by the defendant and the case was dismissed from court.

The following is the wording of the plea entered:

"State vs S. Otho Wilson. The defendant, S. Otho Wilson, comes into court, and while protesting his innocence, pleads that he is unwilling to contend with the State, and that he abides by the judgment of the court."

Next week we will publish another installment of the election law as it is and as it would be amended. We publish the first installment last week. This week we comment in a leading editorial upon one of the sections (2676) given last week. We want you to see what two Judges on the Supreme Court bench think of the present law and how much worse the law is made by the decision of the other three members of the court making a majority. If the amendments to the law had been passed by the legislature, it would of course have destroyed the decision of the court, under which so much fraud was committed last November. In short the amendment to law is based on the dissenting opinion of Justices Clark and Davis. You see there is the highest authority for the justness of these amendments, and if there had been one more man on the bench who thought like Clark and Davis, then the amendment to section 2676 would not have been necessary. Read the editorial carefully, also the extracts from the majority and minority opinions of the court. Get last week's paper and read section 2676 as it is and as it would be amended. If you are a new subscriber and did not get last week's copy write to us and we will send it to you.

Be true to your convictions of right and the world will be better for your having lived.—Western Critic.

Most men are endowed with the faculty to exercise his brain, and it behooves every man to have convictions and be true to them until he is proved to be wrong. One man who has honest convictions and is able to tell why he believes a thing to be right, and is willing for the evidence that convinced him to be thoroughly tested and weighed with the combined opposition, is far above party men who never think for themselves, but have all their ideas hinged on to the opinion of some one else who is endeavoring to advance their own interest, which are antagonistic to those of the follower.

As long as the people march under the crack of the party lash to the tune of designing demagogues, as dumb driven cattle to the butcher's pen, without even stopping to think for themselves, so long may they expect to be duped and frowned down. The doctrine of "equal rights to all and special privileges to none," will never prevail until the masses are educated along this line, and their thinking faculties exercised and developed.

THE TELAUTOGRAPH.

With God all things are possible. Will he allow all things to be possible with man? Is there any limit to human ingenuity? As wonderful and marvellous as the achievements of the last half a century has been, yet there are no doubt still greater surprises in store for the next half century. We thought the telegraph was wonderful and indeed it is; we thought the phonograph was marvellous and indeed it is, preserving, giving the sound of the human voice a thousand years later. But more wonderful still, now comes a machine called the telautograph by which you can telegraph a message and have your own handwriting transmitted over the wires. It is just invented by Prof. Elisha Gray. He has been working at it for years and has just succeeded. If the operator is out, he finds the message on his table written in the handwriting when he comes in. Further the picture of a person can be sent over the wires. As the pen or pencil of the person sending the message moves at the sending office, a fountain pen, the point of which rests on a continuous roll of paper at the receiving station moves and registers accurately every letter or mark. What will man do next.

AMERICA IN 1993.

The American Press Association has been securing, from prominent people of all political shades of opinion and of different business pursuits, their conjectures as to the future, or rather what they think will be the status of America one hundred years hence, in 1993. We have made arrangements with the Association for the exclusive right to publish these articles (which are copyrighted) for this territory. See the first installment of these articles in another column. They will be continued from week to week.

ALLIANCE DEPARTMENT.

O'er every land, in every age
Some curse of creed or human ban
Has controvened the rights of man,
E'en now some subtle power
Enthrones the wrong, exalts the knave,
While idlers reign and toilers slave.

Honeycutts Alliance Union.

The Honeycutts Union Alliance will meet with Salem sub-Alliance No. 600 on Saturday the 8th of April 1893 at 10 a. m. The Hon. Marion Butler has accepted an invitation to be present and deliver an address. All are invited to come and hear him.

Sampson Bemocrat Please copy for benefit of those who do not read THE CAUCASIAN.

Pinkney Alliance Will not Withdraw Funds.

PINKNEY, N. C., MR. EDITOR.—At the last meeting of Pinkney Alliance No. 826, we passed a resolution that not a single member would withdraw a single cent from the Business Agency Fund. We do not approve of the action of the Legislature and if we did, we would not withdraw money, for we see the great benefit the Business Agency has been to us. If we were able we would put in more.

N. P. EDGERTON,
Sec. Pro Tem.

Ready to Contribute to Business Agency Fund.

Mr. J. H. Lvierman, Roxabell, N. C. writes: "Tell Bro. Graham to write to me or W. P. Harrell or W. C. Evans and the amount of the first claim he has to pay from Business Agency Fund will be paid by us. Please let us know if it was not a contract that every member of the Alliance entered into when he contributed to the Fund that the money was not to be drawn out as long as the State Alliance stood. There is a little boy at our house and he is named Marion."

[Yes it was such a contract that we all entered into and no true Alliancean will draw out the money no matter what the Legislature did. ED.]

Franklin County.

MAPLEVILLE, N. C. March 15, 1893.

MR. EDITOR.—The Senator and Representative from this county (Franklin) in the last General Assembly are telling the people that the amendment to the charter of the State Alliance Business Agency was satisfactory to the officers of the said State Alliance. But I see in your paper that the above statement is false, and that the officers of the State Alliance were notified that they could either accept the amendment or see the charter repealed, and the officers accepted the amendment rather than see the charter repealed.

Please let me know the truth of the matter at once, as I understand, they (the Representatives) have made some appointments to address the people on the matter as there is so much dissatisfaction expressed.

Yours fraternally

The Great Aim of the Alliance.

W. L. PHILIPS.

Let the Alliance continue as heretofore. As an organization it has done more to educate the masses on political economy than all the partisans political organizations for the last thirty years. This has been accomplished by discussions in our subordinate Alliances and by provoking opposition and investigation. The growth in knowledge has been very rapid. The advance in political knowledge among the members of our order is so pronounced that even our enemies are amazed. Brethren, our work has just begun. In our organization the educational feature, is more essential than ever. The tendency of all branches of industry henceforth will be to perfect their present organizations. We, the most numerous and conservative of them all, cannot with safety relinquish our efforts. So long as we are watchful of the interests of our organization, just so long will we be true to our best interests as citizens. It is to that broad and liberal demand taught in our first declaration of principles alone that we can look with perfect certainty for the perfecting of an independent patriotic ballot.

Let us not forget that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. In our organized capacity, as an Alliance, let us continue to discuss principles and measures in non-partisan spirit, keep ever in mind the absolute importance of a thoroughly organized band of agriculturists.

Alliance Speaking.

Bro. J. T. B. Hoover will address the brethren at the following places, on the days named, in behalf of the Business Agency of the State Alliance.

SAMPSON COUNTY.

April 30th, place will be advertised by poster.

CUMBRELAND COUNTY.

Cedar Creek, Terabinth Alliance, March 31.

Rockfish Alliance, April 3.

Fayetteville, Cross Creek Alliance, April 5.

Wade Station, Wade Alliance, April 7.

Brother Hoover will also speak on April 1st, 4th, 6th and 8th. The places will be advertised by poster.

Brother Hoover will go from Sampson into Cumberland, then into Harnett, Moore and Chatham. Appointments will be published next week. Samples of shoes, clothes, etc., will be shown, and the benefits to be derived by the purchase of supplies, especially guanos, through the Agency, will be fully explained. Only four appointments in each county. Let those near the places of speak- attend. Speaking at 10 o'clock a. m. Public invited.

Fraternally,
W. H. WORTH, S. B. A.

STENOGRAPHY.

Miss Hattie Whitehurst, Stenographer in THE CAUCASIAN office, will take a class of six or more in Stenography to be taught at night. Apply at THE CAUCASIAN office, Goldsboro, N. C.

A VIEW OF THE FUTURE

Erastus Wiman Gives a Continental Scope.

JOHN WANAMAKER'S PREDICTION

He Thinks the Postal Service Will Be Almost Entirely Electrical in 1993—Bishop Newman on the Future of Methodism. Richard Mansfield Foresees a National Theater.

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Because there are children now living who will realize fifty years hence all the advantages that are likely to occur between now and then it seems preferable to make a forecast of half a century than of a whole century. There is something realizable, something within sight, in fifty years. Pushing the prospect away a hundred years seems to make the vision too dim and distant for practical purposes.

Up to this period in the history of the United States its people have been busy in developing only that within its own borders. Ever widening areas have given abundant opportunity not only for the vast emigration that has reached these shores, but for the natural increase of population. The development of natural resources so vast and varied have rendered employment constant and profitable; enormous additions by emigration have provided ready made customers on the one hand and abundant labor on the other. Everything within the country itself has contributed to its own progress until now, at the closing years of its first century of progress, it has reached a condition at which all the world wonders.

But with the first fifty years of the new century these conditions will very materially change, so far as the enormous increase in population is concerned. If the population increases at the same relative rate in the next five decades as in the last fifty years, the number of people to be sustained on this continent will be between 150,000,000 and 200,000,000. If the field of opportunity is beginning to be limited when the population is less than 65,000,000, what will be the limitations when the population reaches three times that amount? It is no extraordinary estimate to believe that 195,000,000 will need to find employment, need to be governed, and, above all, need to be fed, before boys and girls now born will cease to live. The prospect is rather a startling one.

It is particularly so with regard to the shape that matters are taking as to trusts, combinations and consolidations. If competition is to be eliminated, production regulated and prices fixed by the few, the enormous increase in population will find conditions more extraordinary than ever anybody dreamed of. If, for instance, coal, which is the chief factor and force in civilization, should be controlled by ten or a dozen men, it would compel the government to take possession of all the coal lands in order to be sure of supply and free from interference. Equally so with oil, with sugar and the thousand other things now drifting into the control of the few.

But the tendency in this strange and rather dangerous direction is likely to be checked by the economic revolution recently witnessed in the presidential election. The change which is implied in the election of Mr. Cleveland is that an effort will be made to build up a trade other than that which exists in the country itself. It would seem that this change comes at the most appropriate time, and that revolutions resembling special providences come only when needed, and when needed their effects come to stay.

If the destiny of the country limited its operations exclusively to within its own borders, there would be precious little hope for the 200,000,000 that in fifty years are to be taken care of in this country. But with the world open as a field, with taxation reduced to a minimum, without the need of a standing army, with abundant supply of raw material, and with food products cheaper than elsewhere in the world, it would seem that the destiny of the United States included the creation of a commerce with foreign lands, exceeding that vast internal commerce which she has already created within her own limits.

The extent and magnitude of this internal trade almost exceeds human estimate, and is one of the most wonderful demonstrations of human progress the world has ever seen, yet the foreign commerce of which the United States is capable is destined to even exceed these enormous figures, and in that foreign commerce exists the hope of the future generations of this continent.

Hence the revolution which now impends in economic affairs is of great moment in the forecast of the next fifty years. If the genius of the people of this country, its inventive faculty, the introduction of steam, machinery, electricity and the forces that have chiefly contributed to the progress of the United States are made as effective for the benefit of the whole world as they have been for this country itself, there is no apparent limit, except the limit of the world itself, to the growth of wealth, to the augmentation of opportunity and to the achievements of this people. Fifty years hence boys now living will look back with wonderment at the narrowness of the comprehension of even great political parties, who sought to restrict the operations of the continent so vast in its forces to the development of trade within itself.

The growth of the commerce of Great Britain is the best illustration of what may occur in the United States in the next fifty years under changed conditions. The British islands, which are a mere speck upon the map of the world, levy tribute from every nation under the sun. This they do in spite of distance from supplies of raw material, with the necessity of purchase of food products from distant climes and in circumstances altogether disadvantageous as compared with those existing in the United States. If by the commercial policy of Great Britain she has regulated up to this time the commerce of the world; if she holds the supremacy upon the seas by her great maritime wealth, and by her accumulations of capital she has regulated the monetary affairs of the entire financial fabric of the earth, surely the United States can do more.

But it is not outside the continent alone that in the next fifty years so much will be achieved. Turning northward, a region exists similar to the United States in products, exceeding in area and riches those which have here been developed, a new field opens—not only for achievement within the region itself, but furnishing all the material essential for success abroad.

Thus, in the articles of food, limitations are already being reached, with a population of 65,000,000, and which, with a population of 100,000,000 or 150,000,000, will beget the greatest anxiety. There are only two classes that produce food—the fisherman and the farmer. In the decade just closing the cities, in which no food is produced, increased 60 per cent., while the farmer increased only 14 per cent. The fisherman showed no increase at all, rather diminishing in number and in extent of output. If the same ratio of increase should continue, with the increased population referred to, it would be very soon seen that the question of food is to be one of the greatest importance within the next fifty years.

The bread which now sustains the population is from flour derived from the most northern states; the exhaustion of arable soils by constant cultivation and the trend of the growth of wheat being continually northward, Minnesota and Dakota furnish now three-fourths of the entire flour product of this country. In fifteen years, it is alleged, exports of all food products, including provisions, will cease because of the diminishing amount on the one hand and the increased consumption by growth of population on the other.

Under such circumstances the enormous wheat areas of the British possessions in North America are of great importance to this country. Not only will they have importance as a source of supply, but by their occupancy through emigration and otherwise they would create a vast market so accessible and so exclusive to the United States that nothing in its history would so benefit its trade. Thus, if Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota have been contributory to the benefits of this country in absorption of goods on the one hand and their supply of food and raw material on the other, so will also the development of regions of equal area and equal richness within the British possessions.

The impending economic revolution, therefore, is full of significance regarding the northern region of the continent, as it is regarding the foreign trade, because without the drawing of a sword, the shedding of a drop of blood or the expenditure of a single dollar the area of the trade of the United States can thus be doubled. It needs only a single act of the legislatures at Washington and at Ottawa to have the barrier broken down, so that even within five years the foundation can be laid for a progress on this continent in the next fifty years measured only by that which has taken place south of its center within the last fifty years.

The field of opportunity for the next fifty years is the portion of the continent now unoccupied. The young men in our colleges and schools when they come out need the same chance that their predecessors have had. That chance is pretty well preempted. The limitations in area in the United States have been reached. A "land hunger" has already set in, as shown in the tremendous rush for farms at the opening of every government reserve. It is impossible to get a new farm in Minnesota any more readily than it is in Pennsylvania without displacing a farmer, and unless the people continue to herd in the cities, crowding the manufactories, or live one upon another, there must be room for expansion. Canada affords that room.

The maritime provinces, described by Governor Andrews, of Massachusetts, as "possessing greater wealth in minerals and agricultural possibilities than New York and Pennsylvania," with a great coast line of fisheries added, offer great inducements for young men in the eastern states. The ability of these provinces to contribute raw material, which New England needs for the creation of a foreign trade, is as palpable as that warmth comes from the sun. Equally so with the great manufacturing facilities and raw material in the province of Quebec, the enormous possible output of food products from the province of Ontario, while the minerals of Algoma, that treasure box of the continent, invite the energy and capital of the American people to a degree that California never possessed.

These, however, are but the vestibule to the vast wheat fields of the northwest, where a furrow can be made with a plow a thousand miles long, from Winnipeg to the Rocky mountains, and be but a base line for a thousand miles square of farming land. British Columbia, on the Pacific, completes the attractive picture, for here is found not only wide agricultural areas, but enormous needed supplies of timber, sources of fish food unequaled elsewhere in the world, and minerals the extent and value of which far exceed those of all the mineral states on the Pacific coast, notwithstanding the enormous output which in the last fifty years they have exhibited.

The half century of opportunity now opening up for the coming American boy and girl must include within its scope this northern region, which has the best supply of raw material and food products essential to the success of the United States in its attempt to build up a foreign trade. The possibilities of profit, the field of opportunity, the settlement of numerous questions of international concern, the absorption of immigration, the creation of ready made customers and the hope of the future rest in a trade that shall be continental in extent as continental in profit.

ERASTUS WIMAN.

Bishop Newman on the Future of Methodism.

[From Our New York Correspondent.]

Bishop Newman, of the Methodist church, speaking of the tendencies of that great denomination, said: "I think the Methodist church will awaken in the next century to the importance of doing those things which will enable it to maintain its commanding position among religious denominations. I am inclined to think that one of the most important of the changes which the authorities in the denomination will permit will be the adoption of the Wesley liturgy.

"That liturgy, as not many of the present generation know, does not differ in many respects from that of the Church of England or the Protestant Episcopal church of the United States. It was the liturgy prepared by Charles Wesley for the use of the Methodist Episcopalians in the early days of that denomination. It has been gradually abandoned. There is a strong tendency in the denomination now to return to it, and I have no doubt that early in the next century it will again be adopted.

"I shall rejoice if I live to see it. It will put us in closer relations with the great denomination from which we sprang, and which in these days, having overthrown those influences which made the organization of the Methodist church necessary, is now working with mighty zeal for the cause of Christ. I do not think that the adoption of the Wesley liturgy will cause a return of the Methodists to the Protestant Episcopal church. The two denominations have peculiarly their own work to do, and in the next century they are going to do it magnificently. They will do it side by side, as brothers, after all, in one family.

"The religious development of the Twentieth century is, I think, to keep pace with the magnificent material prosperity which awaits this country, and each will supplement the other."

John Wanamaker's Prediction.

The postal service will be almost entirely electrical 100 years from now. Of course the railroads, and the steamboats, and the stages, and the horseback riders will still be employed for the carriage of the mails, but all business communications and all communications of all sorts that are really intended to be quick will be transmitted by telegraph and telephone, and both of these means of transmitting intelligence will be very greatly extended generally, as well as applied to all the immediate business of the postal service.

Free delivery will be universal. This and the boxes for the collection as well as delivery of mail at everybody's house and business office—these things and the telegraph and telephone, with charges reduced so that the people may really use them, and extended enough to be within everybody's easy reach—these things and the use of some electrical device in cities by which the masses of mail in business centers may be whizzed through tubes to receiving stations—all these will make the postal service so much more useful and so much easier to use that it will be used a hundred times as much a hundred years from now.

Thousands of small offices in the neighborhood of large cities will be abolished because unnecessary, stations will be established in their stead, and with the free delivery in the villages and out along the lonely star routes the country will become more thickly populated. The whole service, by reason of the abolition of useless offices and the addition of modern facilities, will be more economically administered. The country will be divided into postal districts, and routine matters by the thousand will be attended to much more promptly from near postal centers. The United States postal service will be the greatest business machine and the most businesslike great business machine in the world.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

ALLISON MARSHALL.

Mr. T. J. Allison, Sheriff of Iredell county, has been appointed U. S. Marshall for the Western District of North Carolina. Judy Carroll is a candidate for the same position in the Eastern District.

We feel authorized to say that a Democrat need not necessarily despair of recognition by Mr. Cleveland. If he can show that at some time in his life he voted the opposition ticket or no ticket at all he will stand some chance.—Judge.

"You are a very thorn in my flesh," said an irascible wife to her good natured husband. "I have to be, my dear," was the gallant response. "For you know there is no rose without a thorn."

A VOTING MACHINE TO PREVENT "NORTHERN RASCALITY."

During the past ten years there has been much agitation in favor of reform in methods of voting, and new systems have been introduced in many States. They have now progressed so far indeed as to have perfected a machine for voting, which is said to be simple and well adapted to the purpose in view. The following description is given of it by the New York Post:

The machines are enclosed in sheet-iron booths, about five feet square. On one side are two doors, one for entrance and the other for exit. The voters are formed in line, and are admitted one at a time through the entrance door by an inspector who stands beside it. The voters go in alone and the door locks behind him. He sees in front of him vertical rows of cards of different colors, each bearing the names of the candidates of a political party, and to the right of each name a knob to be pressed in. Thus the Democratic ticket is all in yellow, the Republican all in red, the Prohibition all in blue. If the voter is illiterate, he has only to know the color of his ticket to vote intelligently, provided he wished to vote "straight." When the voter pushes in the knob to the right of a name of a candidate for one office, he registers his vote automatically for that candidate, and at the same time locks the knobs of the candidates on all other tickets for the same office, thus making it impossible for anybody to vote for more than one candidate for any office. The knobs when pressed in remain in that position till the voter passes out of the booth. When he has completed his balloting by pushing in the knobs opposite the name of every candidate for whom he wishes to vote, he opens the exit door, which opens only from the inside, and doing so unlocks again the entrance door, and at the same time releases all the knobs on all the ballots. The machine is thus ready for the next voter, whom the inspector is able to pass in through the unlocked entrance door. The total vote for each candidate is recorded automatically as the election proceeds, and all the poll clerks have to do is to transfer to their books the totals of the different machines used, in case more than one is necessary in an election, verify them, and announce the result.

The speed with which votes are recorded and counted is something surprising. Thus with two machines, at a recent election in Warsaw, Mass., 928 votes were polled in considerably less time than allowed by law, though they took the place of twenty-four booths as required by the Australian system. There were four columns in different colors on each machine, and sixty-four candidates in all. The result for candidates at the head of the ticket was announced one minute after the closing of the polls, and for the entire tickets within sixteen minutes after the closing.

That is quick work. No chance is offered for manipulation. The machine however is not conducive to independent voting among those who are not expert in selecting their favorites. Illiterates have to go by the color of the ticket and vote it straight; but then it is suggested that men of that class generally propose to vote straight. It is only the educated who are inclined to select from all the tickets, and they will know how to manage the machine.

The great points being to obtain accuracy in the result and no cheating, the machine seems to fill along felt want in certain northern communities.—News & Observer.

We were very much interested in reading the above and felt very much gratified to find it in the editorial columns of the News & Observer for we felt that the editor had repented and was converted, and would in the future stand for a free ballot and fair count. But when we come to the last paragraph we lost all hope. We saw that Ephraim was still joined to his idols. He says that the machine will prevent cheating in elections and seems to fill a long felt want in certain NORTHERN communities. This is brazen cheek, a paper that is the "organ" of a party that was guilty only last November and right here in North Carolina of enough cheating stealing, rottenness and corruption to dam any party, even the worse element of Republicanism in the darkest corner of certain machine communities.

The mayor of Moscow was shot last week while attending a meeting of the city council. The murderer and the cause for the deed not reported. The news in despotic Russia, as well as in free(?) America, is suppressed.

MARKETS.

GOLDSBORO.

(Country Produce.)

Cotton, (middling)	8
" (good middling)	8¼
Hams,	11 a 12½
Sides,	11
Shoulders,	11 a 12½
Lard,	13
Fodder,	70 a 75
Corn,	60
Meal,	65 a 70
Peas	70 a 80
Peanuts,	50 a 60
Oats,	52½ a 60
Eggs,	10 a 12½
Chickens,	20 a 25
Beeswax,	20 a 22
Potatoes	1.00 to 1.25

CLINTON.

(Reported by C. P. JOHNSON.)

Corn,	60
Peas,	60 a 80
Bacon,	10 a 12½
Chickens,	15 a 25
Eggs,	10
Beeswax,	18 a 22
Butter,	20 a 25
Lard,	12½
Fodder,	75
Flour,	4 00 a 5 50
Hides,	5 a 6

WILMINGTON.

(Naval Stores.)

Spirits Turpentine, quiet	31
Strained Rosin, firm	1 05
Good Strained	1 10
Tar, steady	1 00
Turpentine, (crude) firm, hard	1 00
Yellow Dip	1 70
Virgin	1 70

RALEIGH,

(Cotton.)

Good Middling	8¼
Strict Middling	8¼
Middling	8¼
Stains	8¼ a 8¼
Tinges	7¼

Market weak.

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Lincoln Court April 3rd, 1893.
Shelby Court April 10th, 1893.
Rutherfordton Court April 24th, '93.
Cabarus Court May 1st, 1893.
Rowan Court May 8th, 1893.
Iredell Court May 22nd, 1893.

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What it Costs Per Hen.

Mr. Hunter gives the cost of keeping a hen at $1.54½ per fowl, and he gets the exact figures by keeping a strict account of receipts and expenses. Mr C. H. Wyckoff, in the Fancier's Journal, gives the cost for Leghorns at $1.10 for the feed for one year. There is quite a difference between them, the birds of Mr. Wyckoff having a free range. That the cost may be lessened is not to be denied. Mr. Hunter's hens layed 135½ eggs, average per hen; while Mr. Wyckoff's six hundred Leghorns averaged 194 eggs per hen. Here is food for reflection. The one paid out less money, and got more eggs than the other. Of course the profit is greater in the latter case, and shows what may be done. The question of the cost, however, can only be based on the price of grain, as the figures do not give the quantity of food.—Poultry Keeper.

Biddy Takes The Cake.

Our sheep breeders point with pride to the fact that the sheep is a double-geared animal, so far as profit is concerned, and that either the lamb or the wool, on the pelt or off it, will pay for its annual keep. The advocates of the "granger cow" says here is milk every day if you want it, whether for butter or cheese, and a calf once a year. Horsemen point to the brood mare that will work her way, and give the colt as clear profit. Biddy, however, beats them all. First, there are the eggs fresh and bright, cash any day in the year; young chickens when she gets tired and needs a couple of months' vacation; chickens, which in from three to five months are a cash crop, for which the world will pay a good price; then manure fit to grow premium crops of corn, and lastly the body of the hen itself, a valuable product after yielding three distinct products. A double-purpose animal is a good thing, but Biddy doubles the double-purpose, and cackles, as she has clearly a right to do.—Poultry Keeper.

Salt a Eood For Both Man and Beast.

Salt is to be considered as food. Everything that supplies the waste of an animal is food, and the waste of salt from the system is considerable. There is not a secretion or excrement of the animal in which more or less salt is not carried off from the blood. Without it health cannot be maintained. And yet most persons of all conditions and vocations think of this necessity of life as a mere condiment used to please and satisfy the palate. Certainly it does this, but precisely as water is grateful to the thirsty soul because it is the paramount necessity of life at the moment. The eagerness with which all animals rush for the salt tardily given to the horses, cows, or sheep tells the story of its necessity as a natural food. And being such, it is to be given as regularly and liberally, as far as it is required, as any other food. It is best given in the ordinary food, and is best kept in a stated place in the feeding of passage from which the animals are fed. Then each gets an equal share without fighting for it and some losing their part of it.—Plow Boy.

HINTS ABOUT HORSES.

Animals That Eat Too Often Soon Become Diseased.

Starting for a drive with an acquaintance, I noticed that his spirited young horse was so eager to go as to be scarcely manageable. Before he had gone a quarter of a mile he stopped at a water-trough and allowed the animal to drink unreasonably. At once all the spirit vanished; he became a tame driver, and for miles had to be urged with a whip, being as uncomfortable as he appeared and more so than slight thirst would have made him. This folly I have often seen committed by men at work in the field. Too much water (to say nothing of other drinks) would unfit them for activity during an hour or two, because of depressing fullness. On a long overland carriage drive with my wife, she thought it hard not to let the horse drink largely every mile or two, but at the end of the first day she changed her opinion. Sweating profusely, he could scarcely be urged out of a walk. Following days, with reasonable drink and light hay rations, except at night, he proved himself a different horse.

Drivers ought to remember that a horse cannot derive nourishment from food or drink while in motion, and that these things only cause misery after the momentary gratification of appetite. The strength must be accumulated or fat laid on while at rest, and it is more economical of both to give the horse but little food and only a swallow or two of water frequently while performing his duty. Arabs of the desert, the world's best horsemen, never feed except at night. Their beasts are universally noted for soundness of wind and limb, freeness, fleetness and good disposition. This is not considered cruelty, but kindness, and their horses are treated with extreme humanity in every other way. Use reason with the horse, both on the road and in the stable. When he is idle don't let him eat more than two hours at mealtime. Horses that eat all the while soon become diseased or useless.—N. Y. Tribune.

Why Easter Eggs Are Boiled.

In Christian countrys, from the fourth century, the church prohibited the use of eggs during the forty days of Lent; but as the hens did not cease to lay, a large quantity of eggs were found to have accumulated at the end of the period of abstinence. These were usually given to the children, and, in order to render them more attractive, they were dyed with gay colors or otherwise ornamented. A favorite game was to knock two eggs together, and whichever broke became the property of him who had the other. Of course this would not profit much if the eggs were in a fluid state, and thence came the custom of boiling them hard.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

DAISY'S JEWEL BOX.

And How She Filled It.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

"There's plenty of time for another, Let the little folk go to bed, now that they've had their story, and then please bring out the next story, Auntie," cried Min, when all had listened with more interest than they would avow to the children's tale.

So the small people trotted off, much against their will, and this most obliging of aunts drew forth another manuscript, saying, as she glanced at several of her elder nieces, brave in the new trinkets Santa Claus had sent them:

"This is a story with a moral to it which the girls will understand; the boys can take naps while I read, for it will not interest them."

"If it shows up the girls, we shall like it," answered Geoff, as he composed himself to hear and enjoy the tale of

DAISY'S JEWEL-BOX AND HOW SHE FILLED IT.

"It would be perfectly delightful, and just what I long for, but I don't see how I can go with nothing fit to wear," said Daisy looking up from the letter in her hand, with a face full of girlish eagerness and anxiety.

Mrs. Field set every fear at rest with a re-assuring smile, as she quietly made one of the sacrifices mothers think so small, when made for the dear creatures for whom they live.

"You shall go, dear; I have a little sum put by for an emergency. Twenty-five dollars will do a great deal, when tastes are simple and we do our own dress making.

"But, Mother, that money was for your cloak. You need it so much I can't bear to have you give it up," said sober little Jane, the home-girl, who unlike her gay elder sister, never cared for visiting.

"Hush, dear; I can do very well with a shawl over my old sack. Don't say a word to spoil Daisy's pleasure. She needs a change after this dull autumn, and she must be neat and nice."

Janey said no more, and fell to thinking what she had to offer Daisy; for both took great pride in the pretty girl, who was the queen among her young friends.

Daisy heard, but was so busy re-reading the letter that she took no notice then, though she recalled the words later.

"Come and pass the holidays with us. We all wish to see you, and Laura begs you will not disappoint her.

This was the invitation that came from Laura's mother; for the two girls had struck up a great friendship, during the summer the city family passed in the little country town where Daisy lived. She had ardently hoped that Laura would not forget the charming plan, and now the cordial message came just when the season would be gayest in town.

"I suppose I must have the everlasting white muslin for a party dress, as that is the cheapest thing a girl can wear. A nun's-veiling is what I long for, but I'm afraid we can't afford it," she said, with a sigh, coming back from visions of city delights to the all-important question of dress.

"Yes, we can, and new ribbons, gloves, and slippers as well. You are so small that it doesn't take much, and we can make it up ourselves. So run and collect all your little finery, while I go and do the shopping at once"

"You dearest of mothers! how you always manage to give me what I want, and smooth all my worries away. I'll be as good as gold, and bring you the best present I can find.'

Daisy's grateful kiss warmed the dear woman's heart, and made her forget how shabby the old sack was, as she hastened away to spend the money carefully hoarded for the much-needed cloak.

Needles and fingers flew, and two days before Christmas, Daisy set out for the enchanted city, feeling very rich with the pretty new dress in her trunk and with five dollars for pocket money. It seemed a large sum to the country girl, and she planned to spend it all in gifts for mother and Janey, whose tired faces rather haunted her after she had caught the last glimpse of them.

Her reception was a warm one; for all the Vaughns were interested in the blooming little maiden they had found among the hills, and did their best to make her visit a pleaeant one. The first day she was in a delightful sort of maze,—things were so splendid, gay and new; the second, she felt awkward and countrified, and wished she had not come. A letter from her mother on Christmas morning did her good, and gave her courage to bear the little trials that afflicted her.

"My clothes do look dowdy beside Laura's elegant costumes, though they seemed very nice at home; but my hair isn't red, and that's a comfort," she said to herself, as she dressed for the party that evening.

She could not help smiling at the bonny figure she saw in the long mirror, and wishing Mother and Janey could see the work of their hands in all its glory; for the simple white dress was very becoming, and her kind host had supplied her with with lovely flowers for belt and bouquet.

But the smile faded as she took up her one ornament,—an antique necklace, given her by an old aunt. At home it was considered a very rare and beautiful thing, and Daisy had been rather proud of her old-fashioned chain till she saw Laura's collection of trinkets, the variety and brilliancy of which dazzled her eyes, and work a burning desire in her to possess treasures of the same sort. It was some consolation to find that the most striking were not very expensive; and after poring over them with deep interest; Daisy privately resolved to buy as many as her five dollars would procure. These new ornaments could be worn during her visit, and serve as gifts when she went home; so the extravagance would dot be so great as it seemed.

This purpose comforted her. as she put on the old necklace, which looked very dingy beside the Rhinestones that flashed, the silver bangles that clashed, and the gilded butterflies, spiders, arrows, flowers, and daggers that shone on the young girls whom she met that evening. Their fine dresses she could not hope to imitate, but a pin and a pair of bracelets were possible, and she resolved to have them, if she had to borrow money to get home.

Her head was quite turned by this desire for the cheap trinkets which attract all feminine eyes nowadays; and when, among the pretty things that came to her from the Christmas-tree that night, she received a blue plush jewel-box, she felt that it was almost a duty to fill it as soon as possible.

"Isn't it a beauty? I never had one, and it is just what I wanted!" said Daisy, delightedly lifting the trayful of satan beds for pretty things, and pulling out the little drawer underneath, where the giver's card lay.

"I told papa a work-box or a fan would be better; but he liked this and he would buy it, explained Laura, who knew how useless it was to her friend.

"It was very kind of him, and I prefer the jewel-box to either of those. I've nothing but my old chain and a shabby little pin to put in it now, but I'll fill it in time," answered Daisy, whose eyes seemed to behold the unbought treasures already reposing on the dainty cushion.

"Real jewels are the best, my dear, for their worth and beauty are never lost. The tinsel that girls wear now is poor stuff, and money is thrown away in buying it," said Mrs Vaughn, who overheard them and guessed the temptation which beset the young country girl.

Daisy looked conscious, but answered with a smile, and a hand on her necklace: "This old thing wouldn't look well in my pretty box, so I'll leave it empty till I can afford something better."

"But that antique chain is worth many mock diamonds; for it is genuine, and its age adds to its value. Lovers of such things would pay a good price for that and keep it carefully. So don't be ashamed of it, my dear, though this pretty throat needs no arnament," added Mrs. Vaughn, hoping the girl would not forget the little lesson she was trying to give her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wayne County.

Fremont, N. C., March 20th, '93.

The Caucasian Letter Box

I am a farmer's daughter 14 years of age, my brother takes your excellent paper and I am very much interested in your column for the children, and I enjoy trying to solve the enigmas it contains, I send an answer to No. 5 which I find to be "Marion Butler." Below I send a puzzle for your column and I hope to see more of the children interested in this column.

"Charge! Chester, Charge! On! Stanley, on! were the last words of Marmion."

Had I been in Stanley's place
When Marmion urged him to the chase
You then would very soon descry,
What brings the tear from many an eye.

Yours truly
Julian Edgerton.

Answer to Enigma No. 6.

Newton Grove, N. C., March 10th, 1893, Mr. Editor—Answer to problem No. 6, in your last issue, signed S. P. Denning is "the whale."

Respectfully
Valeiria Williams.

Baby Ruth Belongs to Gideon's Band.

Aaron, N. C., March 16th, '93.
Miss Maryann.—I am a little girl and am going to school, my papa takes The Caucasian, I like to read the Children's Corner. I was glad to see baby Ruth's picture in your paper but I think she belongs to Gideons band from the way she had her hand. Withhold all my name except Stanton. Three cheers for The Caucasian.

Stanton.

Miss V. P. Sends an Enigma. (No. 7.)

I am composed of 23 letters.

My 23, 12, 16, 14, 5 is not low. My 1, 13, 8, 9 is a winged insect. My 17, 10, 6, 2 are not consonant. My 18, 4, 21, 20, 19 is not rough. My 7, 21, 3 is transgression. My 15, 11 is a conjunction. My whole is an old saying found in the Bible.

V. P.

Aaron, N. C.

No. 8.—Arithmetical Puzzlers.

1. The fourth and fifth part of one number added together will be equal to the half and the seventh of another number. What are the two numbers? (This may have more than one answer.)

2. Find a number of which the fifth part plus one will equal the third part minus one.

3. There are two numbers whose sum will be thirty-seven and their difference three. Send in your answers for next issue.

EASTER MORN.

Sunday, March 26th 1893.

Ring, joyous Easter bells! Proclaim
To all the world the old, old story,
How One to earth from Heaven came
That men might know the way to glory.
And from each burdened heart this day
May every stone be rolled away.

Ring, happy bells! the Lenten gloom
No longer does our souls imprison
A light is gleaming through the tomb.
Our Christ, the Savior, has arisen,
And faith beholds, with vision clear,
The shining angel standing near.

Ring, joyful bells! Your tones prolong
Till every priceless soul eternal
Awakes the glad, triumphant song
The angels sing of love supernal,—
Till every sepulchre of loss
Takes on the glory of the cross.

Nixon Waterman.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

"Many talk about woman's sphere
As though it had a limit.
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper yes or no,
There's not a life, a death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

Womanhood.

Lightly slept she on the threshold of her five and twenty year,
She had yet the world before her—naught of past to dread or fear,
And she looked with happy longing, as the years before her stood
Richer, brighter, better, broader—heritage of womanhood,
Past the wavering, girlish fancies, past the future's fearful gloam,
For her heart had found its double—settled now no more to roam.

She dreamed of happy home-life in to-morrow's fancy day—
Home where she could live with him, sit and love and work away;
Where the joy of loving deeply brings no thought save that of bliss,
Where the sorrows born of living flee at touch of husband's kiss,
Where the strong arm is protector, and the weak heart strong alway,
Where the cynic's snarl is vanished by the sunburst of love's day.

Blessed thought of home-life, sweeter than ever thought beside could be,
Home where two shall build their heaven, loving ever perfectly.
Would the home life be kept empty, naught besides e'er enter there?
Are they fearful lest the hearth wealth scanty prove with three to share?
Blessed thoughts of baby fingers, patter soft of baby feet,
Ah! there's room for child and husband! women's hearts are wide and deep.

Just the Girl.

In all the wide, wide world for me
There is but one sweet maiden,
And for this maid my heart, long free,
Is now with love o'erladen.

My Easter girl. I love her well.
'Tis not that she is pretty,
Nor is she what you might call swell,
Or bright or chic or witty.

No, no! And yet I ask no man,
I feel that I'm in clover,
For at the church to-day she wore
Her last year's hat made over.

A Lady Reader's Advice.

Mr Editor: In answer to your second "Editorial Postscript" in this week's edition of The Caucasian, "Is the hoopskirt really coming?" "Dear me where shall we go!" Allow me to say, do as you have been doing for the last six months, and in addition advise all women who are in favor of "reform" to wear the hoopskirt as a suggestion to you and all men to "keep in the middle of the road."

A Lady Reader.

Catawba Co., N. C., Feb. 25.

THE RIVES SISTERS.

Three Virginia Girls Who Are Talented.

Miss Dasie Rives, the sister of Amelia Rives-Chanler, is about 16, being the youngest of Col. Rives' three daughters, of whom a well-known French artist, who had recently been visiting at their home, Castle Hill, said that they were the most beautiful sisters he had ever seen. She greatly resembles her celebrated sister, being a little taller, with her golden hair and creamy skin, but her eyes are different, being brown, while Mrs. Chanler's are of a wonderful shade of blue. The other sister, Miss Gertrude, is smaller, with an exquisitely symetrical figure, which looks best in conventional garb, while Mrs. Chanler never looks as well as when in the tea gowns and short-waisted gowns of another era, most of which were designed by herself while in Paris, and executed by Worth & Felix. While neither of her sisters possess her literary genius, they both share her talent for art, Miss Daisy being especially gifted in representing animals. This has probably been facilitated by the love which all the Rives girls have for horses, and the magnificent specimens of blooded stock they have on the ptantation. They are all fine horsewomen and there is not an unbroken colt in the yard which does not whinny with delight and become as gentle as a lamb at the approach of Miss Gertrude. Despite her dainty appearance, she has the strength of a man and the skill of a practiced whip, either to leap a five-barred gate or to drive four horses, if need be.—Washington Post.

The Sweetest Thing in Life.

A beautiful girl stood alone in the room. She held a bunch of Easter lilies in her hand. But the lilies were no whiter or sweeter than she was. She looked into the pure flowering cup and sighed, but she blushed a little, too, when she sighed and that is a sign of great happiness. She pinned the blossom in her gown and thought of a question asked and an answer given the evening before. Then she smiled and blushed again. She went out. A little way down the street a young man stood on the steps of a church. He seemed to be waiting for some one. When the beautiful girl came near, he hurried eagerly to meet her, and when he saw the lilies his face grew radiant, he spoke to her, and she smiled. There eyes met, and together they walked into the church.

Had a Good Time.

Cumso (who staid at home)—"Did you enjoy the Easter service, my dear?"

Mrs. Cumso—"Did I? Well, there wasn't a woman in the whole church who had on as stylish a bonnet as mine."—Brooklyn Life.

Made Him Nervous.

Mrs. Drowsie—I didn't think your sermon this morning was as good as usual. You seemed to be uneasy. Doesn't your beautiful new Easter suit fit you?

The Rev. Mr. Drowsie—Oh, yes, my dear, but after I gave out my text I noticed my tailor in the congregation.

He Knew.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, can any little boy tell me what Easter is celebrated for?

Good Little Boy (eagerly)—Eggs.—Texas Siftings.

THE GAMBLING EVIL.

REV. THOMAS DIXON DISCUSSES IT IN HIS PRELUDE.

A Sermon on Authority In the Church. Parallel Between Theology and Christianity—Ecclesiastical Authority a Human Fiction—Form and Ceremony.

New York, March 19.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., pastor of the Twenty-third Street Baptist church, preceded his sermon at Association hall this morning by the following review of current events:

The following news item appeared in a New York morning paper some time ago:

"Could not pick the winners. A well dressed man hangs himself near the Guttenburg race track.—The body of an unknown man was discovered early yesterday dangling from a beam under the grand stand at Monitor park, Weehawken. The body was taken to the morgue at Hoboken by Coroner Murrer. The suicide was a man of fine physique. He was 6 feet tall and weighed 225 pounds. He was neatly dressed. He wore a livery cloth overcoat, Prince Albert coat, satin vest, striped trousers, white shirt, cuffs and collar and derby hat. Three cents and a match were all that his pockets contained.

"It is said that he has frequently been seen at the Guttenburg race track, and the presumption is that he has been unsuccessful in selecting winners at the races, and becoming despondent decided to hang himself."

The same old story. The body was identified the next day by the man who had accompanied him to the races. But a sad old story is this. We are hearing it very often nowadays. In anguish of soul we cry, "How long, O Lord, how long shall this infernal swindle—the gambling race track—throw its hellish shadow across our lives?" In mud and slush and rain, through winter's storms and summer's scorching suns, this trade in souls, this barter of damnation, goes on without interruption. Look for a moment on the mob of smoking, swearing, drinking, howling, jostling brutes that call themselves men and women. They once were men and women, but the humanities of life are lost in the brutal now. One thought fills the soul and body—the vile desire to take a neighbor's goods without return—called theft in olden times, renamed "sport" for modern uses. This thought brings all to a common level—the bottom. The society swell and the Bowery bum are one at the races. The leaders of the demimonde throb there in perfect harmony with Ward McAllister's Four Hundred fools, a democracy of human passion, a carnival of hell!

If the damage done on the race track itself were all, we would count this an easy escape. But the race track is merely the table on which the fakirs shuffle their cards. Scores of crowded poolrooms honeycomb the city. These are veritable sinks of iniquity into which daily flow the life and manhood of the people. The business districts of the city are dotted with scores upon scores of these gambling hells run daily in open defiance of law. Into them go the husbands of loving, trusting wives. Into them goes the mother's handsome boy, hallowed from the cradle with a halo of divinest prayer and hope. Into them go the young and foolish. Into them they go to stake at the bidding of thieves their money, their manhood, their honor, their hopes, their peace, their life. Once thoroughly initiated, they rarely return to the world of sanity. If they do, they return as wrecks cast upon the beach, bereft of all.

A recent report of the Society for the Suppression of Vice gives a tabular statement made from newspaper clippings for one year showing the victims of the gambling mania. Though necessarily incomplete and imperfect, this statement gives a glimpse of the terrible facts: One hundred and twenty-eight persons shot or stabbed over gambling games, 6 attempted suicides, 24 suicides, 60 murders in cold blood, many driven insane, 68 persons, principally young men, ruined by pool gambling and betting upon horse races. Among the crimes growing out of this record, committed by the victims in efforts to obtain money to gamble with, were 2 burglaries, 18 forgeries, 85 embezzlements, while 32 confidential officers in banks and other places absconded. The proceeds of these embezzlements and crimes amounted to $2,898,372. This was the price of blood alone that went into the pockets of the villains who ply their trade to the ruin of society. How many other millions rolled in without immediate criminal results God only knows. The loss in broken hearts, homes, and beggared, orphan children can only be known in eternity. Well may a recent writer who has given his life to the problem say:

"*Wherever public gambling is tolerated laws are prostituted, justice becomes a byword, the trial by jury a farce, and public officials are corrupted, while rumors of bribery are rampant on every side.*

"Again, history is replete with evidences *that wherever gambling in any form is tolerated in any community* bribery and corruption protect it, while the rights of law abiding citizens are subverted, industrious habits are destroyed, common honesty undermined, and honest business enterprises are honeycombed through employees rendered dishonest by these glittering allurements to crime. Murders, suicides, breaches of trust, embezzlements, follow in the wake of these seductive foes, while the homes of the poor are besieged with squalor and want."

The Western Union Telegraph company is said to be one of the most deeply interested parties in this contest of the thugs and thieves against decency, order and the life of society.

The New York Times says on this point:

"The reason they think that they are safe now from interference rests on what some people might consider pretty good foundation. Tammany and the police have a most potent motive for standing by them. The district attorney's office has pigeonholed the indictment of cases that were worked up in good faith and with lawyerlike methods, but behind these barriers stands another in the Western Union Telegraph company, which has warded off the law before, and whose interest it is to stand by its friends now. Its services may not be needed in this city, which is well protected otherwise, but in keeping the legislature silent it may prove an effective ally.

"No department of the Western Union pays so well as its racing department. The price per poolroom for service from the New Jersey tracks is at least $50 per day. If there are 60 rooms in full blast, the income is $3,000 per day or $18,000 per week."

More and more do we see that it is fast becoming an absolute necessity for the United States government to take charge of the telegraph business. As it took the postoffice from private hands, and through this throttled the Louisiana state lottery, so it must sooner or later, for reasons of public safety, take charge of the telegraph, which is the *post* of the dawning twentieth century.

Let the Christian world speak out on this question. Let us give the men who are helping through the press to damn our young men and women to understand that no paper can make a specialty of religion and home and be at the same time an organ of the vilest and deadliest species of gambling of the age. Let us give our time, our money and our influence to all the agencies being used for the crushing of these abominations. Let us stand by Anthony Comstock in his efforts to suppress this curse. Hear these incidents from his daily record:

"I know of one case where a man took $800 of trust funds and spent it in a single night at a banking game run in Monmouth county by one of those so called 'improve-the-breed-of-horses' gamblers.

"But a few weeks ago a young man having a wife and three children called at our office, and almost the first words he uttered were: 'If you do not close (naming the place) so that I cannot go into it, I shall commit suicide. I cannot stand it to see my wife and children suffer, but I am so completely under the influence of this gambling craze that if I have a dollar of money I am bound to stake it.'

"It is not a great while ago that in Montclair, N. J., a man holding a high position of trust under the government of the United States committed suicide, having been discovered to be a defaulter to a large amount of money. This man employed bootblacks and others to place his money thus stolen in the hands of the city sharpers who were engaged in the commission business of thus improving the breed of horses."

Can we remain indifferent while our fellow men are thus destroyed and the very foundations of business, society and the church of Christ undermined? If we love our fellow men, let us show it. Let us speak. Let us act.

AUTHORITY IN THE CHURCH.

So is the kingdom of God as if a man should cast seed upon the earth.—Mark iv, 26.

Say what you will of the intellectual tendencies of the age in which we live, its chief characteristic within this center of intellectual activity is the exploration of the mystery of true religion. This is true whether you go into the domain of philosophy or pure metaphysics, or whether you enter the domain of history or fiction. What is true religion? What is true Christianity? The deathknell of bigotry is in that inquiry. I rejoice in that.

It means that this spirit of restless discontent with anything save the real knowledge of the real Christ and real God must destroy bigotry not only within the church, but outside it, and in every realm of thought bring the world back to the truth, the whole truth and the truth for its own sake. And that means the deathknell to your liberal bigot. Of all the bigots who have had no excuse for their existence, the most impudent and insolent are the liberal bigots of the order of Voltaire and the men who have followed in his footsteps. The bigot within the so called liberal field must keep silence, save so far as he finds the truth, as the bigot in the ecclesiastical field.

CHRISTIANITY DEFINED.

The movement now on foot within the Presbyterian church to effect a compromise in this battle between the champions of form and progress may not receive a warm response, but the very fact of this battle and its fierceness is an indication that the beginning of the end is now upon us—the beginning of the end of an ecclesiastical power that has asserted itself within the domain of Protestantism, brought over bodily from historic Romanism, that the world is outgrowing, and which is doomed as the ceremonies of a past are doomed before the searchlight of the truth of this age.

In the midst of this spirit of inquiry and investigation and progress there is a ghost from that past which rises before us and says: "What is to become of us if there is no church authority, no central organization from which there shall issue an authoritative creed? If your critics shall undo for us the supposed infallibility of the Old Testament and of certain historic creeds, where will men go for authoritative knowledge? Where can we find anything that will be real, that we can depend upon? Shall we look to the Catholic church in its continuity of offices, back through the different ecclesiastics who have ruled, or shall we search in the church of England and find there something that is stable on which we can stand, or follow in the theology of Paul, or prefer the theology of Peter? Shall we take the Synoptic gospels or take the gospel of John? How can the world know anything authoritatively if you open those floodgates and do not establish anything affirmatively?"

There is but one place to go, and that is to Jesus Christ. Christianity is Christ, Christ is Christianity, and the Christianity that cannot be squared with his personality is spurious. In scores of places in Christ's recorded words we have his statement of this essential principle of Christianity, and Jesus says in so many words that—

Christianity is a life. All claim, therefore, of authority or historic continuity of authority must be based only upon the possession of that life.

"I am come," says Christ, "that they may have life, and have it abundantly. I am the vine, and ye are the branches. The kingdom of God is as a seed." That is to say, all authority and all postulate of authority that may be drawn from a supposed historic continuity have a real basis only as they are founded in a life, only as they are vital. Church authority is real, ecclesiastical authority is real, only as they are part of this vital development. "It is as a seed cast on the earth. I am the life. He that hath the Son hath life. I am the vine, and ye are the branches, and out of me you can do nothing." That is to say:

A CONCEPTION OF THEOLOGY.

First—Christianity cannot consist and never did consist in the correct conception of any theology. Why? Theology is a science, Christianity is a religion and science is one thing and religion, another. The two things are no more connected than a simple mechanical contrivance is connected with the seed which, in the warm earth of spring, sends up its blossoms and its fruit. On the one hand, you have theory and intellect; on the other hand, you have heart and practice. Theology belongs to the question of intellect and a point of view. I see theologically not so much what is before my eyes as what is in my mind.

A good woman was crossing the ocean with her husband. He looked out and said, "I think it is raining." She looked out the porthole and said: "I don't think it is. I don't see anybody with umbrellas." She saw not so much what was before her eyes as what was in her mind, and her mind was projected out on a barren sea. So men see theologies and project them on the surface of the Bible. Theology belongs to the realm of intellect, not to the realm of heart and practice.

A preacher was preaching a sermon to the inmates of an insane asylum in Buffalo some time ago, and he at last came tiresome. The patients began to get restless. Even the attendants got restless and yawned. To no purpose; he went on. Presently one of the patients, leaping to her feet, pointed her finger at him and said, "You have preached long enough, sir, long enough." One of the attendants came up and quieted her, and he continued his sermon. He said afterward she must have been a remarkably crazy woman, but the attendants never could decide whether she was improving and that was an indication of it, or whether it was a relapse. To him she was entirely crazy because she came in contact with his point of view.

A difference in point of view is a difference intellectually and does not touch the essential principle that lies at the basis of real Christianity and true religion. If that were not so, then you could save a boy by teaching him theology. I was talking with a father the other day about his boy in this town. The boy had been through all sorts of dissipation, and the father said he had thought and prayed over him—and this man was not a member of any church either—and he said, "We have come to the sad conclusion that there is but one thing that can lift him out of all this whirlpool of hell and dissipation, and that is supernatural power that shall come in and in spite of everything, absolutely by a miracle, lift him out."

He was right. You take that boy that goes his round of dissipation, and the fundamentals of whose character have been crushed, and whose heart has been eaten out by sin, and preach to him theology, tell him about the fathers, this theory of John Calvin or that of Augustine—teach him all the science of theology until he can repeat it by heart—and you will leave his heart where you found it, and you will not have touched the real man. But breathe into him the vital breath of the spirit of God, and he may not know the five points of Calvinism from the five points of a pitchfork, but he will belong to the kingdom of God.

Orthodox Christianity is possessing the spirit of Christ. If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his. A child sat down one day and drew with a pencil a picture of a dog for the little brother toddling by her side, and she said, "See the picture I drew out of my head." And the little brother said: "No, you did not. I saw it come out of the end of the pencil." And he said, "There must be more dogs in the pencil." Why, yes, that is true. If real Christianity can consist in a historic continuity of forms and ceremonies, then the child's supposition is entirely correct. But if it is something greater, and forms are but the expression of a life within, then you must find the secret of the artist not in the point of the pencil, but in the heart that beats within and takes form in that way.

RELIGION A GROWTH.

Second—Christianity must be a continuous growth. The kingdom of God is as a seed cast down upon the earth. The history of revelation, then, must be the history of a growth—growth in the knowledge of God from the first lesson taught the children in the morning of life as they halted on their way with their feeble steps on down through the ages until the full conception of the Christ and the kingdom of love burst from the cross of Calvary on an astonished world. All the way, these 1,600 years, through this history God is leading and teaching gradually the world. The morals of this book are found in the final morality of Christ, and it must be, therefore, a growth.

Our religion has been in the past a growth. There is a song in the Old Testament that you and I cannot repeat. It is a prayer of praise for the triumph over Sisera, when through treachery a nail was driven into his head. Why, my ideal is not the ideal of the war song of triumph over Sisera and the hosts of Jabin, and he who would profess to be a follower of the Christ cannot profess that his code of morals is to be found there, but in the full development of the full light and truth in Jesus Christ. So Abraham could not live his life today; so David could not bear the light of this age; so the old patriarchs of the past lived up to the best light they had. But they were not held up to the ideal you and I are held to, because we have made progress and because the world has through those ages grown in the knowledge of God and his truth.

To stop anywhere in your development of this seed means death. The moment the development of that seed stops either one of two things will happen—the hour of the harvest has come, when with one foot on land and one on sea the archangel shall call the world before the judgment bar of God, or else, if you have arrested its development before its fruition, there is but one result—death in proportion to its arrest. If you say you must accept these forms absolutely and forever, that means death. You have said to a seed, arbitrarily, stop growing. It must not stop growing until the harvest time, and then the master cometh and reapeth the seed.

Bad theology is responsible for much of the inhumanity we have today. I said theology had nothing to do with religion, but a *bad* theology can interfere with the development of true religion when you bind it around the necks of people and keep them from growing in the knowledge of God. The interpretation of the Bible which makes Genesis and Deuteronomy and the Mosaic code of equal authority with Jesus and his life has failed to understand the meaning of the incarnation and the fundamental law of the growth of Christianity. So I read the history of that awful mob at Paris, Tex., and find in the religious enthusiasm in which it was done some of the fundamental errors of a lack of historic construction of your Bible. I have had men talk to me about the justice of God, as though the God of love, of truth and righteousness and of peace in Jesus should have given such a code of laws to the world. That simply arose from a failure to make any progress. Why, Jesus began 1,600 years beyond even when he was born, and the race should go infinitely beyond it.

Our religion grew out of the past and is inseparable from it. If a man says, "I do not believe in Abraham and the prophets and have a right to deny Jesus and the apostles," is that progress? No, it is not. I have got to hold myself to a higher standard than Moses and the prophets. The branch grew out of the vine. I am not the soil, but the branch cannot live without the soil. I have a historic connection with these saints. The flower is not the soil, but the flower cannot be separated from the soil without death. True Christianity grew out of that past theology, as the flower grew out of the soil, and must be therefore a development of the ages. So I believe in that historic connection and would turn from the mere negation which says, "I can make progress by beginning in the air." You cannot plant the seed in the air; it must grow out of the soil.

AS TO APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

Third — Ecclesiastical authority is, therefore, a purely human fiction, because Jesus said so and denounced it. Jesus said, "Call no man your father and do you not dare to lord it over one another." Apostolic succession and church authority—where do they rest? Apostolic succession is a reality so far as it is the actual embodiment of a life stream through the ages, and only thus far. It has nothing in the world to do with mere forms and offices. It has everything to do with the vital spark that has thus been found through all the ages of the past. Apostolic succession is a reality if you mean by it the continuity of a life in Jesus Christ. I may have been grafted on the vine, and if I am and its life pours through my veins I am of the vine and connected thus with the great life tap, and my life is part of that life.

Bishop Potter was going to speak in a Baptist church (Dr. Judson's Memorial church) a little while ago, and some of the little ecclesiastics in this great church got into a terrible flutter. Apostolic succession was going to be injured. The ideal! Well, the bishop
was called to Boston to p
Brooks' funeral sermon
had a grander view of th
than that. Just think of
siastic who could stop to
Adoniram Judson was of
succession, or whether
who had been ordained by
had ceremonies performed
of the apostolic succession

Poor Judson, whom they
India, whom they hung up
until they took him down
went over burning sands
ed out a life even as the C
out on Calvary's dark
men, who walked the sam
that Jesus walked and th
life—that any mortal man
say of him, "He is not of t
succession"—that is, some
of some little branch of th
not put his hands on him
him that right. The only
cession that is real is the
has dwelt in the heart of
the ages, and it does not
he has been ordained or not
been ordained thus of the
he belongs to the true vine

Connection with the C
not formal; vital, not
not imaginary. If it is
Caiphas, the high priest
Jesus Christ, is of the tru
and Jesus Christ, the cru
between two thieves, is
had the ceremonies. Cai
legal high priest of the
hood, but whether he was
cession was a question of
of the real life. "I am t
Christ. "I am the way, t
the life." And he that w
come to him.

THE LIFE IS THE

True church authority,
vital, and all connection m
Is the Baptist church of t
tolic church? I do not kno
should tell me that he c
back through history, I
laugh at him. If a Presb
tell me he could trace his
astical machine to Christ
tles, I should certainly lau
my Episcopal brother s
could trace his back throu
and all the great heads o
should certainly laugh at
my Catholic brother shou
could trace his back thro
gerents of God, that th
there, I should be inclin
him.

As to the long line of po
their palaces with prostitu
lives were the incarnatio
should say to them: "Wel
it will take more than a
prove your historic conti
the mere jugglery of dat
names, you mean apostol
and church authority, tha
but if you mean to bring
spirit of Christ and hear th
sus say, 'He that hath no
Christ is none of his,' th
thing." If you ask whethe
of the apostolic succession
cause I believe he has the

He that has the life in
the true succession—only
has it. It does not matte
or ceremony. Therefore
freedom are possible within
The essence of the thing do
in your formality or expr
creed, but it does consist in
the reality back of that life

"I am the vine, ye are th
He that hath the Son hath l
ever the denomination, w
church, or no church at all
the *life* you are his.

A GLAD TRIUMPH

Enjoyments to Be Derived fr
Easter Spirit.

The revelation of an
solves the mystery of de
the one thing from wh
shrink, and the one thing
none of us can escape
should we shrink from it
lieve that it is the entran
er and more abundant
when the faithful die, w
we clothe ourselves in sa
and speak with bated
toll the mournful knell
melancholy dirge, and g
all the day long? This
val brings us into comm
the departed, not as th
dead but as those who are
The church militant
hands with the church
The gates swing open, a
here in the earthly por
out upon the eternal
hear the anthems of th
as they float around the
throne, and join with them
ing the praises of the L
also may possibly hear
and join with us in our
praise. We do not forg
we cannot believe that
forgotten us.—Thoma
D. D., in N. Y. Indepen

PARTISAN PESTS THAT
TRIOTISM AND MAKE
LOWERS UNWORTHY

The following is what
bian, the official organ
Waterson, says of the p
san press:

One of the pests of to-d
partisan organ. It defe
right or wrong. It supp
truth; it suggests what
misrepresents its oppo
ever it expects thereby
own side. It juggles w
moral sense. It confus
conception of rectitude
devil's own work by mis
science by making the w
the better reason. by de
simple, by calumniating
prefers to be victorious
to be right. It esteems
above the public welfare
the triumph of its faction
prosperity of the nation.
the meaning of patriotism
its followers to be unwort
of the Republic.

Common swearing, if
serious meaning at all, a
a perpetual distrust of h
tation, and is an ackno
that he thinks his bare
be worthy of credit.
far from adorning and
discourse, that it makes
len and bloated, and mo
blustering than become
genteel and good breed
son.

Forgiveness All Aro

Arabella—Our teach
ought to forgive all ou
Easter.

Araminta (kindly)—
Well, I forgive yo
inviting me to yo

Arabella—And I fo
for being so mea
wouldn't invite y
Days,